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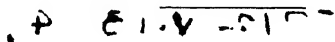


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SCRAP-BOOK

RECITATION SERIES

No. 13.



A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF

Prose and Poetry for Recitation and Reading

DESIGNED FOR

SCHOOLS, HOME AND LITERARY CIRCLES
AND ALL KINDS OF ENTERTAINMENTS

EDITED BY

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AND

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CHICAGO

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PUBLISHERS

PREFACE.

Aside from the standard literature in this number there are included several selections which, from a literary point of view, are very ordinary; yet they appeal to the daily life and experience of the common people and reflect their plane of thought and style of language. We feel, however, that this common, homely style of expression may serve a double purpose; first, by getting nearer the hearts of the masses of the people, and, second, by making the best literature stand forth more inviting in contrast, inspiring all classes to higher ideals in both prose and poetic diction. It is only by comparison that we are led to appreciate in the highest degree the choicest literature. It is true, also, that some of the most effective styles of expression are often worded in the homeliest forms of language.

We hereby express our thanks for the courtesies extended to us by the publishers of Harper's, Munsey's, McClure's, Lippincott's and Werner's magazines, Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Companion, and to the publishers Funk & Wagnalls and Herbert S. Stone & Co. Also to Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D., for selections from their literary works, and to Mrs. Orella L. Kimball for miscellaneous contributions.

HENRY M. SOPER.

Chicago, Ill., January, 1901.

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SCRAP-BOOK RECITATIONS.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Read by the author at the banquet of "The Lion Brigade" at Encampment of G. A. R., Aug 27, 1900. Courtesy of Bowen-Merrill Co.]

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue—
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free through the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of
blue!—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.
Old Glory—speak out—we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,

When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line with you over us, waving us on,
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so—where our fathers went we
are willing to go).

Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oh, ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.
Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always, or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the stars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.
And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God.
* * * So I came by the name of Old Glory."

OPPORTUNITY.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate;
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

THE MOURNING VEIL.

J. L. HARBOUR, Youth's Companion.

[Recited by Miss Josephine E. Matthys at Soper School of Oratory commencement, 1900, and won the diamond gold medal.]

A wide, uncovered piazza ran along the front of the Stoner house, and there two little girls—children of a neighbor who had no piazza—were playing “keep house.” They had their dolls, dishes and other play-things strewn about, but were beginning to lose interest in housekeeping and in “going visiting.” Suddenly the younger of them said:

“I’ll tell you what—let’s play funeral.”

“How?”

“Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude Angelina dolly died, and that we buried her.”

“That will be splendid! Let’s have her die right off.”

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude Angelina her grief-stricken mother said:

“Now, Katie, we must put crape on the door-knob

to let folks know about it. You run over to the house and get mamma's long black veil."

"It ought to be white for a dolly, oughtn't it?" asked Katie.

"I guess you forget that Josephine Maude was a married doll, and a widow at that, don't you?" asked Dorothy, a little tartly. "You remember how Teddy Davis' horrid dog chewed poor Josephine's husband up."

Katie went away, and returned soon with a long, black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front door-bell knob; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window and said:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's sick and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to go to sleep."

"How unfeeling!" said Dorothy, snatching up the dead doll and her other playthings.

They departed, quite forgetting to take the veil off the door-knob.

Half an hour afterward Maria Simmons came down the street, and suddenly stopped in front of the Stoner house.

"My sakes alive! If there ain't crape on the Stoners' door-knob! Poor Sam Stoner! I knew he was sick, but I'd no idea he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who might not have heard of it. A little farther on, she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heard 'bout the trouble up at the Stoners', have you?"

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the door-knob. I was in there yesterday, and Sam was up and 'round the house; but I could see that he was a good

deal sicker than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'prised."

"My goodness me! I must find time to call there before night!"

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village postoffice, ostensibly to ask for a letter, but really to impart her information to Uncle Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?"

"No. I did hear he was gruntin' 'round a little, but—"

"He won't grunt no more," said Mrs. Simmons, solemnly. "He's dead."

"How you talk!"

"It's so. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden. Mis' Stoner was in here last evening an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two well as ever."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time. I could see it if others couldn't."

The news was spreading now from another source, and in a way that caused those who heard it to declare that it was "perfectly scand'lous" for Mrs. Stoner to "carry on so."

Job Higley, the grocer's delivery man, returned from leaving some things at the Stoner house, full of indignation.

"That Mis' Stoner ain't no more feelin' than a lamp-post," said Job, indignantly. "There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner, an' when I left the groceries Mis' Stoner was fryin' doughnuts cool as a cucumber an' singin' 'Way Down Upon the S'wanee River' loud as she could screech, an' when I said I was sorry 'bout Sam she just laughed an' said she guessed Sam was all right, an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me 'bout Tildy Hopkins"

Old Mrs. Peevy came home with an equally scandalous tale.

"I went right over to the Stoners' soon as I heard 'bout poor Sam," she said, "an' if you'll believe me, there was Mis' Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back

yard. I went right 'round to where she was an' she says, just as flippant, 'Mercy! Mis' Peevy, where'd you drop down from?'

"I felt so s'prised an' disgusted that I says, 'Mis' Stoner, this is a mighty solemn thing,' an' if she didn't just look at me an' laugh, with the crape for poor Sam danglin' from the front door-bell knob, an' she says: 'I don't see nothin' very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some o' Sam's old shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear ag'in. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet-rags if they ain't too fur gone fur even that.'

"'Mis' Stoner,' I says, 'the neighbors will talk dreadfully if you ain't more careful,' an' she got real angry an' said if the neighbors would attend to their business she'd attend to hers. I turned an' left, without even going into the house."

The Carbury Weekly Star came out two hours later with this announcement:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected demise of our highly respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner, this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Samuel Stoner, as he read this announcement in the paper. "'A more extended notice next week?' I'll write that notice myself, and I'll extend it far enough to let that editor know what I think of him."

"But how did this crape get on the front door?" interrupted Mrs. Stoner. "I found it there when I went out to get the paper. It is the strangest thing, and I—there's the minister coming in the gate! Do calm down, Sam! He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose."

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner himself opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor; come right in. My wife's busy, but if you want to go ahead with the funeral, I'll give you the main points myself."

LOST ON THE SHORE.

HOLME LEE.

[As recited by Mrs. Nellie Welch Parmelee.]

Drowsy sunshine, noonday sunshine shining full on sea
and sand,
Show the tiny, tiny footsteps trending downward from
the land!
In the dewy morning early, when the birds were singing
all,
My bonny birdies flew away, loud laughing at my call.
I did not follow after, for I tho't they flew to hide;
But they went to seek their father's boat that sailed at
ebb of tide.

Along the dusty lane I tracked their hurrying little feet.
Did no man coming up that way my bonny birdies
meet?
They lisped "Our Father," at my knee and shared their
bread with Nap,
And kissed and fought and kissed again, both sitting on
my lap.
It was not long, for we must work—and soon upon
the floor
I set my merry little lads before the open door.

A white-winged moth came flying in—in chase they
sprang away;
I watched them—smiling to myself, at all their pretty
play.
The golden-rippled, darling heads flashed to and fro
my eyes,
Until I saw them thro' a mist, angels in Paradise.

But we who have to work to live must trust so much to
God,
That, with the vision in my heart, I left them on the sod,
Plucking daisies one by one to set them on a thorn
Which Willie's sturdy little grasp out of the hedge
had torn

And up and down the house I went as I go every day
And while I toiled and father toiled our darlings stole
away.

I heard my Robin's joyous shout, beyond the orchard
trees,

And answered back, "Yes, mother here her little
birdie sees!"

The laughing pair cried out again, on with my work,
worked I,

Waking or sleeping, we believe that God is always nigh,
And, oh! I must not doubt it now, tho' the little steps
I see

Trending along the dusty lane to the fast inflowing sea!
Here where the yellow king cups grow they have
dropped the daisied thorn,

They have rested under the shady hedge and Robin his
frock has torn;

Here is a rag of the faded stuff; he has worn it the
summer thro';

My little lad was but three years old when his old frock
was new.

Oh! pray they have gone thro' the ripening fields, their
footsteps are lost in the grass.

Oh, no! for I see the king cups strewn down the ravine
of Small Hope Pass!

O Father, to whom my darlings prayed this morn,
"Thy will be done."

Show me their little golden heads in the gold of the
summer sun!

Where are they? Here cease their tiny steps that the
loving hearts wiled on.

Here comes the sweep of the heavy tide, but my babies,
my babies are gone.

I cannot see for the burning haze and the glitter upon
the foam.

But thou, O thou Merciful, hear my cry and bring
them safely home.

"Fisherman, came you over the rocks that lie under the Hurtle Head?"

My two children have strayed from home, one white clad, the other red;

They have golden hair and the prettiest eyes; their names are Willie and Rob?"

"No, mistress, I saw no children there, but only the waves' deep throb,

And a storm brewing up in the windy West—God-speed your master safe!

There's hardly a boat will live the night that's beating outside the reef."

"Fisherman, saw you the trace of steps, little steps on the farther strand?"

"No, mistress, the tide has been over it; I saw but the wet, ribbed sand."

"Did you find aught, fisherman, as you came—a cap or a little shoe?"

"I found nought, mistress, as I came but some hedge flowers yellow and blue."

"The king cups, the pretty forget-me-nots, they gathered the bank below;

My laddies drop't them, fisherman; how long ere the tide is low?"

"How long? 'Tis on the turn now, mistress, the rocks will soon be bare,

But Almighty God in mercy forbid you find your laddies there."

"The sea caves, fisherman, under the Head—I have taken them there in play."

"Yes, mistress, but the tide hath rolled both heavy and high to-day."

"One wild night when the wind was up and the waves were ebbing out

We three sat under the Head for the coming of father's boat;

There was a moon in the ragged clouds and a swirl of rain in the air."

"Ay, mistress, ay, but Heaven forbid you find your darlings there."

"Where shall I find them, fisherman, my bairnies pretty and sweet?"

"If they strayed down to the beach this morn, you will find them at Jesus' feet."

"Not drowned, not drowned, in the cruel sea! Is God in Heaven unjust?"

He could not rob me of both my dears! Oh, why are we bid to trust?"

In the working hours they left my side. They only went out to play.

He knows that we who must earn our bread cannot watch and be still all day.

What can I say when the boat comes home and no darling to meet it runs?"

Can I tell their father, who loved them so, I have lost him his little sons?"

Oh, it is hard in our lives of so little joy to rob us of that we had,

Living or dying, the best of the days with the poor are always sad."

"Speak low, mistress, when you speak so. God in Heaven is great.

I had three sons and they all went down. They perished and I wait.

You have read it in the book. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away.

Blessed be the name of the Lord,' so say I this day;

And how David the King fasted and wept until the child was dead,

Then to the Mighty God he gave him up, rose and was comforted."

Oh, the tiny, tiny footsteps, trending downward from the land,

The blessed little footsteps softly printed in the sand!

Oh, my birdies, oh, my birdies, you have left an empty nest.
I would I had my birdies now, warm nestled in my breast.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACE.

T. C. DE LEON.

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It was the morning of the international race, a semi-military affair under the patronage of the commanding general. By noon all New Orleans had turned its face eastward. It was evident that the stands would be taxed to the fullest measure. Very gay and pretty looked those stands when filled, the bright bonnets and gay dresses of the ladies contrasting strongly with the black coats and frequent uniforms of the soldiers, while over all was a fluttering mass of gaudy parasols, almost every one knotted with the colors of a favorite rider.

The tricolor predominated largely. The German and British colors, too, were frequently seen, and La Vega's green-and-gold knot was shown on many sides. But the colors of the Union were nowhere to be found.

The judges were in their stand. Precisely at three o'clock the clear note of a bugle cut the air. In an instant it stilled the thousand buzzing tongues, and a dead hush fell upon the vast throng. Every eye was turned toward the stable gates, through which emerged a group of riders, goodly to see, as they pranced down the stretch.

Count de Chavirac kept well in hand a magnificent blood bay. The count's rather pronounced jockey suit of tricolor satin shone in the sun, and from the rosette on his cap flashed an immense diamond.

In peculiar contrast, the Englishman, Captain Cecil, rode by his side, the simplicity of his get-up bordering on roughness. His mount was a massive thoroughbred.

France and England, as here represented, were a

goodly pair to look upon, and the couple following them, side by side, were little less attractive in their contrast.

Baron von Schlegel, the German, rode a massive roan, and Ensign La Vega a small, closely-knit mare, white as milk in every hair. The lithe, wiry frame of the Mexican seemed dwarfed by the towering Teuton.

Again the bugle sounded, clear and shrill, as the four contestants turned at the distance-flag and galloped abreast by the crowded stands. Then, as from one impulse in the vast multitude, rang out the wild applause.

For the third time the bugle sounded; the senior judge rose and read the conditions of the race. He folded the document and added:

"Do any riders accept the conditions?"

The German and the Frenchman both bowed their heads. The Englishman rode up, answering, cheerily: "I, Hoyne Cecil, captain of Her Majesty's Life Guards, accept all conditions and ride for England."

"And I, Manuel Cambral, accept all conditions," cried the Mexican.

"Is there any other accepting the conditions? All entries close at three p. m."

The judge looked at his watch; it showed one minute left. No answer came. Twenty seconds more of dead silence. Then a clear, sonorous voice, like the order to charge, rang out: "Here."

Round the stand to front the judge rode an erect figure in white shell jacket, blue breeches and red sash. The horse he controlled with light hand was jet black, his coat shining like satin in the sun, and his small head tossing continually, as though scenting the contest and eager to begin it.

"I, Dale Everett, accept all the conditions and ride for the United States," cried the rider.

Applause rattled from the stands and the thronged stretch.

The bugle sounded thrice, they sped by the stand, going evenly, and they were off.

The speed picked up at the first hurdle; the Mexican

kept the lead. Just within the track was the third hurdle; gleaming beyond it showed the wide water jump, the test leap of the race. Everett felt it time to close the gap on the gallant little Mexican. A pressure of the foot and a shake of the reins sent him to the mare's flank as she rose to the fence. Side by side the black and the white took the leap. Then, for the first time, Dale Everett spoke to his horse, and, to the amaze of De Chavirac, now thundering by his side, he checked rather than urged the flying steed.

"So, boy! steady—so—o!" was his quiet call, and the bay shot by him.

No let-up now in the pace. Scarce twenty yards ahead gleams the water.

La Vega raises his whip and swings it over his mare's ears with a "Whoo!" as he sends the cruel spurs into her sides.

With whip and spur and voice De Chavirac urges his noble horse.

With a sharp, quick word, and scarcely tightened grip upon the bit, Dale touches the spur to his horse and rushes ahead to reach the water, even with the Frenchman and La Vega.

Thirty yards—twenty yards—ten only, between the white mare's nose and the water, the Frenchman lapping her flank and Dale three lengths behind.

With a wild, uncanny cry—something between a prayer and a malediction—La Vega raises his gallant little mare to the leap.

Lightly she clears the water, and as she lands from her leap, De Chavirac—his teeth set, his eyes gleaming and his body bent forward, as if to push his horse forward—drives both spurs into L'Empereur's sides and lifts him fiercely with the bit. Dale Everett, thundering on not three lengths behind, hears the sharp, clicking sound of snapping steel. The fierce tug of the eager Frenchman has snapped the right lever of the bit; the heavy right hand is suddenly released and the whole power of the pull thrown upon the left, just as the grand horse gathers for the spring. Swinging half

round, he paws wildly in air—once! Then, unable to recover, he rolls over and falls heavily on his side, square across the ditch. Women turn away their heads, and a wild, terrified yell of warning goes out from a thousand throats.

Thundering on, his blood aflame, his terrible hoofs not five yards away—almost trampling prostrate man and beast—on, closer, faster, thunders the massive black! Urging him hotly with voice and spur, his rider is as one blind to the dread mischance before him.

“Now, boy! Up, boy! Up!”

The bold, cheery cry rings out; the firm hands tighten on the reins; the lithe body swings back in the saddle, and, as it sways forward, both spurs go cruelly home.

Up goes the gallant horse—five feet before the leap is reached—up into a tremendous bound that straightens beautifully and sends him—over prostrate horse and rider—well beyond the water. He clears the leap gallantly, but he lands in the very tracks of the Mexican mare, the pounded earth slips beneath the heavy hind hoofs, and it seems that the leap has been in vain.

Dale Everett casts loose his stirrups, braces himself lightly to the left, his hand presses strongly on the horse's neck well forward, and, with wonderful quickness, he has landed on the ground. Quicker than can be told, with scarce a break in his stride, the gallant black gathers for his next bound, and takes it just as the practiced hurdler swings lightly from the ground and drops into the saddle. The black straightens himself and strains every muscle to overtake the mare flying along full forty yards ahead.

The gap is closing fast; three lengths—two—scarcely one! Once more La Vega calls upon his mare, with voice and spur and whip!

In a rush like the wind the steeds tear on toward the stand. Just as the corner is reached the little mare slips, inch by inch, ahead of the black. Thirty yards to hold that lead and the race is hers!

Suddenly a white flash of the whip in Everett's hand

rises high in air. Once, twice, it comes down, with full force on the black's neck. Never before has he felt the lash! With a quiver of the nostril and a wild, humane appeal in the eye, he gives a fierce lunge, laps the mare, passes beyond her with one bound, and rushes under the string with her nose at his steaming flank. America has won the great international race!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS.

E. W. DUNLAVY.

[Mr Dunlavy won first honors with the following oration at the state contest of the colleges of Indiana. Mr Dunlavy was trained on the oration at Soper School of Oratory.]

Surging in the heart of man is an undefinable unrest, an unfathomable energy, a divine instinct. This innate force has been the motive power in all human development. It was present in the primitive races, and the relics of prehistoric times show a gradual evolution. It was felt by the Egyptians in the dawn of history, and they gave it expression in their time-defying pyramids. It coursed in the blood of the bondaged Hebrews, and they grasped the first true idea of a Creator. It intensified the æsthetic powers of the sons of Greece, and they carved forms of matchless beauty from rugged marble. It quickened the Roman mind to create laws strong enough for a world-wide empire. Working in the strong Teutonic tribes, it laid the foundations for the nations of modern Europe. It made the Pilgrims restless under religious oppression and sent them to America. Developing here through three centuries, this spirit makes the honest poor man dissatisfied to-day with his lot, and tells the rich man that, with boundless wealth, he has not all that should be his. This is the SPIRIT OF PROGRESS—undefinable unrest, unfathomable energy, divine instinct, urging man to higher things.

In the evolution of this spirit, the individual is the important factor. Civilization is the manifestation of

his growth. Wrapped within him are all the possibilities of his age, all that it is, all that it can hope to be. When his latent powers, impelled by the spirit of progress, began to develop, humanity started on its long march from ignorant savagery toward the distant goal of a perfect civilization. This march, in its every advance, has been led and directed by an ever-increasing number of individuals. Through the disorder and confusion of each succeeding age, in all the rapid changes of government and social organization, they have blazed the way for progress. Abraham, Pharaoh, Moses, Sennacherib, Cyrus, Pericles and Alexander, each in turn, led the race upward toward a better civilization. Whether we view the civilization on the banks of the Tiber, with its Brutus and Augustus; peer into the great mediæval darkness, relieved only by a Martel or a Charlemagne, or turn to the pages of our own history, luminous with the greatness of a Washington or a Lincoln, we find the same relation of great leaders to the upward movements of mankind.

The influence of these leaders stimulates to activity the spirit of progress in the multitude. They beget discontent, put new ideals before men, awaken new aspirations within them, and set society in commotion. Rousseau strikes a spark of sedition, and the conflagration of a French Revolution bursts forth; Luther revolts against the Papacy, and the Reformation sweeps over Europe; John Brown dies for the freedom of the slave, and a nation is embroiled in civil strife. These commotions, however, have been manifestations of the workings of the divine instinct urging men toward better things. They have been the precursors of better institutions. The French Revolution was followed by the development of the Third Estate. From the turmoil of the Reformation religious liberty arose. And somewhere in the darkest hour of our own history, when the clouds of civil war rolled between us and the sunlight of our destiny, there was born a national spirit which we never had before. Our southern hillsides, billowy with our country's dead, were the resurrection scenes of a new nation, stronger because of strife.

Through the alternate development of increased leaders and higher institutions, humanity has attained to its present civilization. From abject slavery and the task-master's whip, the laborer has toiled upward through centuries of bondage and feudal serfdom to the freedom of our wage system. In his worship man has advanced through the successive forms of bloody sacrifice, gloomy Monasticism, state-church and stern Puritanism into a form of religion, measured not by creed, or priest, or monkish aceticism; not prescribed by state nor confined to aristocracy, but based on a voluntary service of love, and open to all. The Patriarchy with its gray-bearded father was government enough for the nomadic tribes roaming the plains of Iran. But no Babylonian monarchy could have been established under such a rule; no Grecian genius could have flourished; no Roman law been developed; no Magna Charta written; no Declaration of Independence signed. Each of these institutions came to satisfy the call of the spirit of progress surging in the hearts of men.

But the twentieth century, whose first glowing hours are drawing nigh, can be no more suited with the institutions of to-day than could we be satisfied with those outgrown shells of bygone years. The ability to see the truth is passing from the few into the many. Men's ideals have outgrown corrupt political life and they are objecting to the perversions of the ballot. The growing intelligence of the laborer can be no longer content with ceaseless toil and slavish wants. "The man with the hoe" is fast becoming a man of brains. The souls of men are often left unsatisfied by gilded dome and cushioned pew, and there is heard a murmuring of discontent against the church. These commotions are not the signs of retrogression, but of progress. They indicate not that institutions are worse, but that men are better. They are but prophecies of a coming higher civilization. The laborer stands not for the blind impulse of class hatred, but expresses the aspirations of awakened faculties. Our religious agitation denotes not that the Church has declined, but that men are gain-

ing a more adequate conception of the Sermon on the Mount. Our civic unrest means not that political institutions have degenerated, but that men are grasping a truer idea of what a democracy should be. All society is realizing that it can no longer prosper part virtuous and part vicious, part free and part slave, part man and part beast. •The nautilus has outgrown its shell. As the reed breathed on by the great god, Pan, could be no more a simple reed by the river bank, so it is no longer possible for the masses, having gained a broader conception of life, and urged onward by this unfathomable unrest, to accept with passive content the lot of their fathers.

And shall this spirit, revealing the need of better institutions, lead to their possession? Shall the spirit that defied the divine right of kings at Runnymede not crush the sway of the corrupt politician? This spirit is an energy divine; it began with the creation of man, it has been the motive power in his evolution, and it shall exist "till the leaves of the judgment book unfold." If men were satisfied with their present conditions there would be no hope of advancement. But this indefinable unrest, growing more universal in its demands; this unfathomable energy, deepening in its restless might; this instinct divine, towering Godward in its aspirations; this spirit of progress is the hope of our civilization. Working under flexible institutions, impeded by no kingly despotism, no papal supremacy, no hereditary caste, it is surging in the heart of a free people—a people great in brain, in heart, in faith—in statesman, capitalist and laborer—patriots all, and is expanding our present institutions to fit the needs of our larger destiny.

Not only in our own country is this spirit of progress working; it is a force of moral gravitation drawing the nations of the world toward a common purpose. It is teaching them that the race is a unit; that nations, as individuals, are bound by the eternal principles of justice and humanity; that the best interests of one are consistent with the best interests of all. The Anglo-

Saxon nations of the world, for ages leaders in the march of progress, stand united in the protection of the higher ideals of men. Awakened by this spirit from centuries of lethargic sleep under Oriental despotism, Japan stands at the threshold of the East as the champion of Christian civilization, while Russia, the synonym for years of tyrannic rule, rears a young ruler who calls the world's first congress to consider a universal peace. Where formerly the spirit of progress touched into melody the heart strings of the individual alone, it now is striking in nations the first faint chords of the diapason of the ages—the Christ ideal, "The Brotherhood of Man."

But century plants do not bloom in a night. Only slowly has the race struggled upward through the past, but through each succeeding age has risen to higher levels. Only slowly through the ages of the future shall we approach that more nearly perfect civilization of which the cell unit is man—man, strong, pure, free, with a heart throbbing in living sympathy with his fellow-man and in conscious concord with God.

THE DUTCHMAN'S EQUAL RIGHTS.

JULIA B. NELSON.

Revised by Wm R. Keen.

Hans Dunderkopf stood on the stack;
His wife stood on the load;
When an advocate of Equal Rights
Came walking down the road.

Said he: "I have a paper here
For all good men to sign,
Who think that women's rights should be
The same as yours or mine."

Said Hans: "Yah! I signs dot paber, sure.
I always tink, you see,
Dot on mine farm mine frau got rights
To vork so mooch as me.

"I likes me not to vork alone,
I kvicker veat can sow
Ven mine olt frau, unt mine big girl,
To help me bote shall go.

"Dey plow, dey drag, dey pflanzen corn,
Dey vorken mit dem hay,
Dey bint dem barley first goot up,
Den shock him. Vat you say?

"Ich helps to do dot vork in haus?
Ach, nein! I likes dot nit.
Ich bin no vomans anyhow,
Ich not can cook unt sew.

"Das vasser bringen? Das ist leicht.
I mek mine frau von yoke,
Ven Ich must selbst das vasser bring
I got not time to schmoke.

"Mein frau she feeds mine horses all;
Sie cleans dot shtable oudt,
Sie milk dem cows, sie feed dem calbs,
Unt lets dot schickens oudt.

"Sie coffee mek, five times ein day;
Sie bring it twice mir aus,
Der sun vas hot, Ich rest me den,
Ven sie be gone zum haus

"Oh, yah! Sie mock das morgen fire.
In vinter das vos fine.
Den Ich ken steke in varmis bett
Bis breakfast gang allein.

"Sie vant me not das fire to mek;
Sie say I don'd know how;
Mein hants not goot for vimmin's vork,
Ich not ken milk von cow.

"Aber, ven es come to farmer's vork,
I always do mine half.
Ich always believed in Equal Rights,
Mein frient, vot for you laugh?"

"I laugh to see the rights you grant.
They're not such rights as I
Would ask my mother, sister, wife,
Or daughters dear to try.

"Women are taxed as well as men,
The laws they must obey;
Should they not vote as well as we,
When comes election day?"

"Mein Gott! Der vimmins at der polls?
Unt vote! Das vot you mean?
It couldn't vas! It nefer vas!
Unt nefer vill be seen!

"Mein creshus! If Katrina dare
Shall try to be a man,
Unt vare dot pritches unt try to vote,
Ich tell her sumdings den.

"Sie finds kvick oudt who is der boss;
Der teufel vas to pay!
Say, Ich not got time to talk mit you.
Katrina! You pitch dem hay. Kvick."

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was some-

where in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask: "Where is he at?" There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule, and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put

this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

Now, if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say: "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to do so.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and "the homeless wanderer, searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work, and his long, patient striving with help, that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have

shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

THE ROADS TO WRINKLE TOWN.

IRVIN C. LAMBERT.

Have you ever heard of the many roads
That lead to Wrinkle Town?
Or talked with the people who every day
Travel them up and down?
There are numberless roads and wise folks tell
Of some, nor glad nor fair,
Like wearisome paths to the mountain top—
Storm-blighted, cold and bare.

Now, some of these roads are winding, 'tis said,
Some broad, like great highways;
While others are steep and abruptly end
Like showers on April days;
And journeying over these desert tracks
Throng thousands old and young,
The lowly of earth, the wealthy, the great,
Are found the crowds among.

Name anger and scoffing and cruel hate,
Name haughty, boastful pride,
And count the self-seeking and eager greed
Of avarice, beside;
Then reckon the malice and envy and fret,
That linger through the days—
And you will know how to reach Wrinkle Town,
For these are constant ways.

But why should we follow these roads so drear
That lead where sadness broods,
When others are open whose ends invite
To gladsome, happy moods?
Now ponder this truth—be the willing steps
However cast or led—
The face will discover and show their trend—
Reflect the paths we tread.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kitties drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class," said the cat mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens snuffed the air,
As though it were filled with a perfume rare

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud,
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well; 'tis the same with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish, or a bit of bone.
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—
When they tear and pull?" Each kitten looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "That isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough."

"And where are your claws? No, no, my dear"
(As she took up a paw), "See, they're hidden here."
Then all the kittens crowded about,
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they would never need
To use such weapons—Oh, no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "pshaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now sptiss as hard as you can," she said,
And each little kitten hung its head.
"Sptiss! I say," cried the mother cat;
But they said, "Oh, mamma, we can't do that."

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma,
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah, well! I was once the same, I suppose,"
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

THE INVINCIBLES.

DORA READ GOODALE.

There once were two knights full of mettle and merit,
Who joined in a league and maintained it with spirit,
No task was so hard it could baffle their skill,
And one was I-can, and the other I-will.

I-can was tall, lithe—all wit, wisdom and grace,
With a slightly superior smile on his face;
I-will was short, stout, red-haired, bull-necked and
bold—
A terrible fellow where once he took hold.

I-will, by himself, had been boastful and heady,
But tireless I-can kept him prudent and steady,
While truly this latter, unyoked from his brother,
I fear had accomplished much less than the other!

But take them together!—where'er they might go,
Doubts, dangers and obstacles vanished like snow;
From pigmy Too-lazy to strong-armed Despair
No foe could withstand the invincible pair,
And surely without them the world would stand still,
For masters of Fate are I-can and I-will!

THE CORONATION.

ELIZABETH W MAINWARING.

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"On earth be peace, be peace," the angels sang,
"To men good-will," the last notes earthward rang.

Long stood the shepherds lost in deep amaze,
Fixing upon the star their awe-struck gaze.

Then one said: "Let us find Him; it were mete
We lay our homage at the Saviour's feet."

And each one ran in eager haste to bring
His humble gift unto the new-born King.

But one there was who went with footsteps slow—
He had no gift, no offering, to bestow.

Though sore his longing, for too poor was he.
But lo! with eyes downcast, he chanced to see

A little tree which stood hard by the road,
Near to the place o'er which that strange Star glowed.

With sudden inspiration he bent down,
Plucked its few leaves, and fashioned a rude crown.

So, joyful, entered at the lowly door,
And to the new-born King his tribute bore.

From their rich store, the Wise Men did unfold
Their royal gifts of frankincense and gold;

And what their scanty store could best afford
The reverent shepherds laid before their Lord.

But out of all the offerings which were
So heaped before Him—frankincense and myrrh,

Trinkets, and ointments, and the yellow gold—
The Child's hands chose that clumsy wreath to hold

The mother laid it gently on His brow:
"The kings wear crowns," she whispered; "so must
thou."

Again they crowned Him for the world to see—
His second crowning was on Calvary.

"WHEN THE CORK GOES DOWN."

REV. ROBERT MCINTYRE, D. D.

When your wife has gone to visit where mother dear
resides,

And you could not win a battle, if you owned both sides,
When you become so weary that you cannot turn a
wheel

And drag yourself to labor with a weight at either keel,
And quarrel with your shadow and give the folks the
"blues,"

There is an ancient medicine that every man should use.
And its name is "go a-fishing." Get a long and limber
pole

With some tackle and a can of bait and start toward the
hole

Out beyond the river bend, about a mile or two from
town,

Just to loaf and lounge at leisure where the cork goes
down.

Some meander to the mountains cool, and some toward
the sea,

But I will take my chances underneath the chestnut
tree

That lays upon the sloping bank its shadows deep and
wide

And flings its ravelled blossoms down upon the lazy
tide.

There all my troubles tumble with the turtles out of sight,

When from the yellow stubble comes the yodel of "Bob White."

And there I speculate in futures just as freely as I like,
For I may pull out a muscalonge, a pickerel or pike,
But the hope upon my features fades away into a frown

When a "pumpkin-seed" deceives me, where the cork goes down.

Some say, "Work your muscles if you want to rest your mind,"

I say, "Let them both relax when health you want to find.

Take a dose of doing nothing; take it on some river shore,

Where a flicker far above you raps upon a sycamore,
And a devil's darning-needle gads around you just as glad

And contented as the pollywog upon the lily pad."

O, when your hook is fastened in a lusty, leaping bass,
And at the battle's ending you can lay him on the grass,
You feel so full of spirit from your shoes up to your crown

That your life will be worth living, where the cork goes down.

A chap who studies eating says that fish is good for brain.

I know it is the fishing, not the fish, that gives the gain.

For I have noticed that the fellows let imagination play
'Round the wonderful dimensions of the one that got away;

And the stories chase each other, just as chipper and as free

As the squirrels winding streaks of red around the elm-tree;

And as the sun is near to setting, your soul begins to
sing
When you purchase from a country boy a dozen on a
string,
And you parade home in the evening, a romancer of
renown,
Telling how you missed the big one, where the cork
goes down.

PETE IVORY'S ORDEAL.

There was a beautiful bakeshop smell in the kitchen, and a guttering, sputtering sound, which emphasized the fact that Mrs. Jacob Steer was making griddle-cakes for supper. She was a tall woman of the lean and angular make, and the red, loose-fitting wrapper she wore hung about her in limp folds. Her face was hard and prematurely old. Her eyes alone were beautiful; they smoldered in their wrinkled setting like two dark stars, and burned and flashed at every shade of thought. To-night they were large and restless. The woman seemed inwardly impatient. She turned the cakes over in the pan with an emphatic slap, and her voice, when she spoke, was harsh and shrill.

"Dannie, go see ef yer pa is coming. He ought to be here by this time, and Nettie Bell, too. I don't see why folks"—but just at that moment there was a sound of feet crunching on the snow outside, a rattle at the thin, wooden door, and then a little grizzled man stepped into the kitchen, followed by a tall, thin girl.

"Shut that door, Nettie Bell. I don't see the use in freezing out, if you do."

The little man seated himself on a chair and began pulling off his high boots. "It's bitin' cold, and the rheumatiz is that bad, I can't bear it."

"It's your own fault, pa; I told you to put sulphur in your shoes, and you won't, an' so you've just got to stand the consequences. Have you seen Pete to-day, Nettie Bell?"

"No, ma," the girl answered listlessly. She was a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with a thin, slightly worn face and stooped shoulders. Her fingers were black and pricked with countless hours of work in a tailor's shop.

The mother's eyes burned fiercely. "How long is it since he's been to see you?"

"I don't know, ma."

"Well, I know then. It's two weeks past, so it is, and that hain't the worst of it, neither. Folks has been tellin' me that he's going with Maggie Carruthers now. Are you a-goin' to stand by and see that, Nettie Bell?"

"Oh, I can't help it, ma."

"Well, I'd help it pretty soon, then. I'd bring him to time, so I would, but you hain't got no more spirit than a one-year-old baby. You'd let a man trample on you and like him for it, but that ain't my way."

All the time she was speaking she was slamming things down on the table with angry emphasis. There was tea, bread and butter, hard-boiled eggs, apple sauce and the griddle-cakes.

"Come to supper. Come, Daniel, and quit your foolin' with that there dog."

The boy obediently dropped the yellow puppy and pulled his chair up to the table, for Mrs. Jacob Steer in one of her tantrums was a pretty dangerous person to cross.

"Be you goin' out again, Nettie Bell?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, you'll find a surprise awaiting for you when ye get back. Oh, never mind, never mind what it is. I guess ye won't mind when ye find out."

The dishes were washed up and cleared away, and Mrs. Jacob Steer, with her thick black hair brushed smoothly back and her red wrapper exchanged for a shiny black alpaca, was vigorously knitting a pair of stockings, when a knock at the door brought her to her feet.

"There! I knew he daren't stay away! Well, Pete Ivory, come right in and sit down. Nettie Bell's out,

but I guess she'll be in before long. No, no, no, walk into the sitting-room; there's a fire laid in there, and I've something particular to say to you "

"Oh, I guess the kitchen's all right for me "

"You walk in there."

Pete Ivory obeyed, and seated himself on the edge of a black horse-hair sofa, with his big red hands spread out awkwardly before him.

Mrs. Steer seated herself opposite him. "Well, Pete Ivory, I suppose you can guess the reason why I sent for you, eh?"

"Well, I dunno as I can."

"Well, if you can't, then I'll kind of unlighten you. Folks has been tellin' me that you're a-goin' with Maggie Carruthers now. Is that so, Pete Ivory?"

"Well, I—I don't know as 'tis."

"You don't know as 'tis! That han't no answer. Lookee here, Pete Ivory, I'm a-goin' to make you pay the piper. Ye can just choose. Ye kin either marry Nettie Bell just as soon as she can get ready, or—"

The sentence was never finished, for just then the subject of their conversation entered. She stood before them, tall, majestic and scornful. A bright crimson spot burned on each cheek. Her eyes were large and dark. The little stoop was gone; she looked almost beautiful.

"I heard what you said just now, ma; I couldn't help it, and I want to tell you, and Pete Ivory, too, that I'd rather die than marry him."

Strong-minded Mrs. Steer quailed before her "I done it for your sake, Nettie Bell."

"I don't care. I ain't going to be made to feel as if I wanted to die for shame, I ain't."

"Well, you can settle it between you; I done my best. An' you just remember what I told you, Pete Ivory."

For a moment or two after Mrs. Steer's departure an uncomfortable silence reigned. Nettie Bell was the first to speak.

"Why didn't you tell me that you wanted to go, Pete?"

"Well, I didn't say as I did."

"Oh, but you wanted to; you staid away because you wanted to, didn't you, Pete?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Oh, Pete, why don't you tell me that you don't like me any more; why don't you tell me that you like someone else? It would hurt awful, but it wouldn't be so cruel as—"

"Oh, Nettie Bell, I'll marry ye ef ye want me to."

"I don't want to marry you! I won't marry you! Why, I'd work these fingers to the bone before I'd marry you!"

"But your ma! She says she'll sue me if I don't."

"She won't, because I won't let her."

"Be ye sure of that, Nettie Bell?"

"I'm sure."

"Well, then, I guess there hain't nothing more to say. Ye ain't mad, air ye, Nettie Bell?"

(Nettie Bell shakes her head).

"Well, good-bye, Nettie Bell."

They shook hands limply. Pete Ivory gave a sigh of relief as he stepped out into the starlit night.

"Nettie Bell was the right sort, but that mother of hern—whew!"

WE'D ALL LIKE TO STOP THERE.

Little Tommy and Trotty were playing;

They'd been left all alone by themselves
For an hour, while mamma was busy

With putting in order some shelves,
And straightening some things in the closet,

Getting ready for house-cleaning joys;
She told them to play "nice and pretty,"

And left them with pictures and toys.

So Tommy and Trotty were playing,

Such a "nice, pretty" play it did seem—
A long train of cars which kept tooting
And whizzing and puffing off steam;

And a bell that kept ringing and ringing—
There were so many crossings, you know—
Why, one for each seam in the carpet,
And the whistle, of course, had to blow.

Such a din; such a noise and confusion;
And Tommy had all he could do,
For he 'tended himself to the tooting
And the ringing and whistling, all through.
There were not many passengers, truly—
Only Trotty, the cat and the doll—
And they had papa's big rain umbrella,
And mamma's nice sun parasol—
(Don't ask how they happened to have them,
I'm not going to tell you at all).

The coaches were finely upholstered
With pretty red plush, and they flew
A mile every minute—or thought so—
Which was better fun, I think, don't you?
If mamma had happened along then,
And opened the door unawares,
I'm sure she'd have known that the coaches
Were three of her best parlor chairs.

When she went up to clean out that closet,
They were standing straight back by the wall;
And you wouldn't have dreamed of chairs starting
On any such journey at all.
But steam, we all know, will do wonders,
By way of creating a noise
And raising a general commotion,
Whether harnessed to engines or boys.

How they dashed through the country (or thought so)
How they rumbled and jumbled and whirled!
As they started that morning, a hasty,
Indefinite tour 'round the world.
Tommy called out the different stations—
"New York—Philadelphia—Mich'gan—

What place do you want to stop, Trotty?

We'll get there as fast as we can

"Toot, toot! all abroad! Californy—

You must get off somewhere, you know.

Else, Trotty, 'tain't no fun in going.

'Cept the peoples got some place to go.

New York—Philadelphia—Heaven—"

"Oh, Tommy, dust 'top right away."

Said Trotty, "Don't go by one minute.

I dess I'll det out here and stay."

THE BEATITUDES IN BROAD SCOTCH.

Someone has taken the trouble to turn the whole New Testament into the broadest of Scotch. A fair specimen will be the beatitudes, which we reprint for the curious reader:

1. And, seein' the thrang o' folk, He gaed up intil a mountain; and when He was suttin-doon, His disciples gather't aboot.

2. And He open't His mooth, and instructit them; and quo He:

3. "Happy the spirits that lown and cannie; for the kingdom o' heeven is waitin' for them!

4. "Happy they that are makin' their maen: for they sal fin' comfort and peace!

5. "Happy the lowly and meek o' the yirth: for the yirth sal be their ain hadden!

6. "Happy they whase hunger and drouth are a' for holiness: for they sal be stegh'd!

7. "Happy the pitifu': for they sal win pitie theirsels!

8. "Happy the pure heartit: for their een sal dwell upon God!

9. "Happy the makkers-up o' strife: for they sal be coontit for bairns o' God!

10. "Happy the ill-treatit anes for the sake o' gude: for they'se hae the kingdom o' God!

11. "Happy sal ye be when folk sal misca' ye, and ill-

treat ye, and sa a' things again ye wrangouslie for My sake!

12. "Joy ye, and be blythe! for yere meed is great in heeven! for e'en sae did they till the prophets afore ye!

21. "The saut o' the yirth are ye: but gin the saut hea tint its tang, hoo's it to be sautit? Is it no clean useless? to be cuisten ott, and trauchl't under folk' feet."

THE STRATEGY OF DAVE.

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

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He stood among the group of men at the door of the little country church; taller than any of them by a goodly number of inches. The men and boys had escaped from the building within one minute at farthest after the benediction was pronounced, but it was the custom of the women to proceed in a more leisurely manner, while the girls—ah, the girls, pink cheeked beneath the tan and pleasantly conscious of their Sunday evening finery—why was it that they always came out last, looking demurely straight ahead?

"I'll bet she gives Dave the go by ag'in," whispered Jim Loggins to Bob Spore on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Funny about Dave," murmured Bob, standing on tiptoe and craning his long neck to get a better view. "Great big feller like him, that kin lick airy man in the county, an' has licked a good many of 'em, an' there he is afeerd to say his soul's his own when it comes to speakin' his mind to that little snip of a girl!"

* * *

"May I see you home, Nell?" asked her playmate of the old days; and the girl smiled up at him with a wicked light in her eyes.

"Fan an' Mamie an' me's together—they're goin' to

stay all night with me," she said with the softest, cooing speech; "but if you'd like to see us all home——"

* * *

"I'll see ye all home," he said grimly. "That is, I'll walk along behind an' see that no harm don't come to ye—an' that's as close as ye want I should get, I reckon."

* * *

"Well, by grab!" murmured Jim Loggins, stepping out from the crowd to get a better view. "If he ain't a-drivin' 'em before 'im like a flock o' sheep! I wisht I could foller 'em!"

"I'd do it," said Bob Spore, chewing a pine straw regretfully, "if it wa'n't that Dave's so quick with his fists."

* * *

"The thing with Dave is, he dunno when he's beat," said old man Spore, filling and lighting his pipe as he went. "They's a dozen gals in the country'd be glad to have Dave—oh, I know you wouldn't Em'line!"—in response to his youngest daughter's too eager disclaimer—"but he's set his mind on that Frazer gal, an' it's her or nobody with him. Men's plumb funny that way. To a man up a tree she don't look so pesky diff'rent from other gals; an' yet it's her or none. An' the race she's been leadin' 'im! In the days when martyrin' was fashionable, blest if I don't think the martyrin' machines was run by women!"

The drover walked grimly and silently up the glimmering road, some yards in the rear of his flock of sheep. As for the flock themselves, there was some little giggling on the part of Fan and Mamie at first, but Nell walked swiftly and silently, her head up and her cheeks crimsoned. She had expected Dave to drop into the place she assigned him; to walk meekly along with the group, and try humbly to get a word with her, and fail; and to part from her in deep dejection, as he had done many times before. But somehow, Dave had altered the program.

"There's the creek," Fan murmured at last, with a sigh of relief; for just beyond the creek rose the slant of the long hill which was crowned by the Frazer place. Then the three of them stood on the well-worn bank and looked up and down the creek in bewilderment.

"Why, where's the foot log?" they all cried in a breath.

Dave came strolling up behind them, and examined the place where the log had been, and leaned forward to look critically across at the other side.

"Somebody's cut the log at the other end and pushed it off from this end," he said briefly. "We'll have to find another log."

He plunged into the heavy shadows; and the three stood there alone, listening to Dave tramping down the bank and breaking the underbrush. After a few moments he came back.

"They's a log about fifty yards down," he announced coldly. "It's mighty little, but I can take ye across all right."

The offer was not flattering in its eagerness, but they accepted it gratefully. Over on that hill the home lights were shining, and down here in the wooded valley it was very dark and lonely.

Among the darkest shadows they found the "mighty little" log, and beneath it one of the deepest pools in the creek lay, smooth and silent, a few tiny gleams of moonlight picked out on its velvety blackness.

"Come on, Fan—you're the heaviest. If I don't break with you, it'll stand the others," said the ungallant Dave; and he took her hands firmly, and, walking backward, led her safely across. Mamie followed, screaming and wavering; and then the tall, alert figure stepped back along the log, light footed as a panther, and waited at the end for Nell.

"You'd best come an' get it over with," he said coldly, as she shrank back; but when she came silently up to him he did not offer to take her hands. He waited instead until she had grasped the lapels of his coat with trembling fingers, and then he moved backward along

the slender bridge until the two of them stood above the middle of the pool. At his pause she shuddered and looked down; but he stood like a statue, and she clung to him.

"Don't be skeered, Nell; I ain't goin' to let ye fall," he said deliberately. "But now that I've got ye where ye can't go forrard, nor back, nor sideways, I'll say what I've been tryin' to say to ye ever sence ye come home from your aunt's. If Fan an' Mamie want to stay there an' hear it, they can—an' I'll do as much for them when I get a chance."

Two little screams and a swift scurrying of feet proclaimed that Fan and Mamie were protecting their own future; and Nell cried indignantly:

"You may say what you please, Dave Lacy, but you know I hate you—I always have hated you—an' I'll never forgive you for this—never!"

"You'll never be asked to forgive me, Nell," he said calmly. "But now you'll hear what I've been tryin' to tell ye, an' what you've kep' me from sayin'. I love you, an' I want ye to be my wife. I've loved ye from the time you was a little bit of a girl, and I was a big, awkward boy. Now I've said it, for the first time an' the last. You're not goin' to get a chance to make sport o' me any more. I'm a man, an' I'm givin' ye a man's talk—an' I'm not to be played with. If you don't answer yes by the time we reach your gate, I'll know that it's all over, an' I'll never go near ye ag'in; Nell."

He moved quietly backward along the log, and she followed him. They walked silently back to the road, where Fan and Mamie made their way discreetly far ahead.

He had not even offered his arm. When she stumbled once, he caught her arm to keep her from falling, but released it at once.

Silently into the lane, and up the long slope of the hill. Silently to the corner of the great front yard, where the trees and the roses and one wakeful mocking bird had it all to themselves.

Without turning her head very much, she stole a

swift glance at his face. It was a very white face, with no look of wavering in it. Only a few steps more—Fan and Mamie had gone in—

Her hand slipped shyly into his arm
 "Dave," she whispered softly, "I'm glad somebody cut the foot log."

His great hand closed over hers.

"I cut it myself," he said.

EARLY RISING.

J. G. SAXE.

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak, it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot"—*Don Quixote*.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I,
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep

His great discovery to himself, nor try
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
 A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
 (I really can't avoid the iteration);

But blast the man with curses loud and deep,

Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
 Who first invented, and went 'round advising,
 That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said;

But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right;

And he cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At 10 a. m.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! 'tis not at all surprising;
'The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

WHEN NOT TO KEEP BOOKS.

She decided that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books, so she made all necessary purchases, including a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later when her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm sixty-six dollars ahead already."

"Sixty-six dollars!" he exclaimed. "You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No-o; not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"Oh. I haven't got the money, you know. That's only what the books show. But just think of being sixty-six dollars ahead!"

"Um, yes. But I don't exactly see—"

"And all in one month, too!"

"Of course; but the money? What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said, doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He sat in solemn silence for a moment, and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."

THE KITTEN THAT NEVER GREW OLD.

There once was a kitten who wished that he
Might never grow older, for "Don't you see,"

Said Pussy, "I'm told

That when a cat's old

He curls himself up on the hearth to sleep!"

Why, just the mere thought made this Pussycat weep,

"Meow—ow—ow—ow,

Meow—ow—ow—ow!"

And so, as he lay in his snug little bed,

He thought of the kittens' good fairy, and said,

In a kittenish way—

Or a purr, I should say—

"Oh fairy, deary fairy, just as I am now
I wish to be always, meow! meow!"

Now wasn't it queer!

The fairy was near,

And then and there took Mr. Puss at his word,

And said to him, "Pussy" (or so I have heard),

"With play you are smitten!

Be always a kitten!"

And so ever after, by night and by day,

That poor little kitten did nothing but play,

Just ask him for me,

Should ever you see

A playful old cat of diminutive size,

Whose friends have grown older and ever so wise,

If being the only

Puss left isn't lonely?

He'll tell you that fairies should never allow

A cat to be always a kitten, meow!

"OLD GLORY" AT PEKIN

CLARA BELL BROWN.

[Calvin Titus, Fourteenth United States Infantry, was the first to scale the city wall.—Pekin Dispatch.]

Hot in the parching sunlight the Tartar city lay,
Behind its walls imprisoned were the world's envoys at
bay,

Pallid and starved, yet hoping for the dawn of the rescue
day.

Just when despair was brooding on each heart like a
pall,

The welcome hum of the Yankee drum was heard 'neath
the Pekin wall,

And the rattle of musketry—nearer!—and the notes
the bugle's call;

"Dear God! 'Tis true! The Boys in Blue are scaling
the Yellow Wall!"

Then they saw a youthful figure in the blessed coat of
blue;
In his arms he bore—what a thankful roar rent the air
as its colors flew!—
The flag of their dear loved home land. And the gallant
lad flung out
To the sultry air that banner fair, while a mighty thund-
'ring shout
Burst from the rescuing legions as his stalwart form
stood by,
While the Flag of the Free waved joyously 'neath that
deadly alien sky.

When Fame gathers in her children with her pealing
bugle call,
She will smile on the boy who bore our flag to the top
of Peking wall.

ONLY A LITTLE CHINESE TALK.

"That fellow Bixby is th' derndest chap I ever see
fer gittin' hold o' new fangled notions. He come over
t'other mornin' with his newspaper in his hand, an'
sezee, 'It looks like them Germans was goin' to keep
a tight hold on Keeahoo-Chahoo.'

"'Gesundheit,' sez my daughter 'Lizabeth. She's been
takin' a term in German at the high school, an' they
always sez 'gesundheit' when a feller sneezes, jest fer
politeness.

"'I said th' Germans was goin' to hold on to Keeahoo-
Chahoo,' sez Bixby again.

"'These dern summer colds ain't no joke,' sez I. An'
then his face got red an' he stiffened up.

"'Keeahoo-Chahoo,' he sez once more.

"'It seems a leetle early fer hay fever,' sez I.

"'I'll bet you call it "Cow-Chow," he sez, with a sneer-
ing sniff.

"'No, I don't,' I sez. 'Thet may be th' Latin fer it,'
I sez, 'but I stick to "hay fever" every time.'

"'I ain't sneezin',' says Bixby, lookin' blacker'n thunder.

"'Wot wuz you doin'?' sez I.

"'I wuz giving' you th' correck pernunciation of 'Keeachoo-Chahoo,'" he snorts.

"'There you go again,' I sez.

"My, but he was mad clean through!

"'I'm givin' you th' strickly correck pernunciation of —of thet Chinese word right there,' he sez, an' shoved his paper up against my nose.

"'I looked at th' name he wuz p'intin' out, an' it wuz 'Kiau-Chau.'

"'Well,' I sez, kind o' sarcastic like, 'th' nex' time you come over here talkin' Chinese you better hang out a flag with a dragon or suthin' on it. Th' fact is,' sez I, 'th' way you put it we ain't none of us bright enuff over here to tell Chinese from catarrh!'"

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

A little Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form
within.

She wore a gown of sober gray, a cap demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and
trim.

Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of
grace

Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred 'round her
rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown
and cape!

I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish
shape!

The children passing by to school have ribbons in their
hair;

The little girl next door wears blue. Oh, dear! If I
could dare,

I know what I should like to do." (The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor, sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching willfully she cast aside,
And her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on her hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown!

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth-day meeting time has come;
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder, with his wife, have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid,
Gliding down the dark old staircase, hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in the shadow as they went out at the door.
Ah! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore.
Dear Aunt Faith walked, looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy,
While Aunt Peace walked, looking downward, with a humble mind and lowly;
But "Tuck! Tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side,
And in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it—every grunt and every cluck—
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "A tuck! A tuck! A tuck!"

In meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking 'round that dreadful tuck to see;
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill
the air!
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her
care.
Oh, the glad relief to her when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she
wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager
arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring
charms—
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to
find,
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind,
So repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she
sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of
her gown!

LARIAT JIM.

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

Eighteen to-day, an' she's pleasant to see;
Favors her daddy, but built some like me.
Eighteen to-day, she's our one precious child—
Flower of this desolate Ar'zona wild.
Eighteen—it carries me back o'er the trail;
Back to a day—shall I tell you the tale?

See on the nail there the cord coiled so trim—
That's the old lasso of Lariat Jim.

I was but twenty and daughter was three—
Merry an' meddling an' wild, as could be;

Teasing her mammy from morning to night,
Braving my anger an' then taking flight;
Heedless an' reckless an' marked by hard falls,
Fonder of climbing than tending of dolls;
Bundle of mischief as wild as a colt,
Ready to kick o'er the traces an' bolt.

Yes, an' she bolted—I stood there alone,
Calling an' wond'ring which way she had flown.

Then to the doorway I rushed with a will—
There was the mischief a-toddl'ing up hill!
Crept thro' the hedgerow, an' crawled thro' the ditch,
Dragging her go-cart, the naughty wee witch.
Then, as I watched her, I shook with a chill—
Knowing what lay at the top of the hill.
Straight down the cañon dipped hungrily there,
Hundreds of feet to the river's dark lair.
Call out? I couldn't—I hadn't the breath.
Follow? I dared not—she'd race to her death.
My eyes roved around—she was nearing the edge—
And saw mooning there with his back 'gainst the hedge,
Ragged an' gaunt, an' his eyes deeply sunk,
Lariat Jim, half awake an' all drunk.
Yet Lariat Jim, the camp's one disgrace,
Rose to his feet at sight of my face;
Turned as I pointed an' caught up his rope—
Swift, yes, an' silent, he crept up the slope
I knew he was there—my eyes through a blur
Couldn't watch Jim—they were fastened on her.
Laughing, she poised on the pitiless wall,
Flung o'er her go-cart an' watched its swift fall;
Shiv'ring I knew that she'd leap to her death
At sight of Jim—an' the thought froze my breath.
Over she leaned—she was never afraid,
Up went my hands, an', dear God, how I prayed!
Then something—a rope—thro' the air seemed to fly—
Curving like silver against the dull sky
Jim's lasso! It closed as it looped o'er her head,
Tightened, and held her—I fell as one dead!

When I awoke from that long fevered night
Jim had been shot in a bar-room fight.

This is my Jennie, so tall an' trim—
There is the lasso of Lariat Jim.

LOYAL TO A TRUST.

ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

"Reck'n dey ain't no hope. Ef we don't git dashed ter pieces yere, den we gwine be upset by dem big waves w'en we gits ter de ocean."

Cæsar was talking more to himself than to the little baby in his arms, who looked up and smiled, all unconscious of the danger she was in. When the waters had suddenly broken loose in the mill race, and people were obliged to fly for their lives, Mrs. Bird, hoping to get across a narrow inlet to some high ground on the other side, had given her baby into Cæsar's care while she carried an older and heavier child herself.

"Don't drop her, Cæsar; hold on to her tight; I trust her to you," she had said; and Cæsar had made better time to the water's edge and was in the boat before Mrs. Bird could reach it. Then the waters came with a rush, the rope broke that held the boat, and, without oars, it was carried along by the force of the current, which swept and whirled it first in one direction and then in another, but always, in the end, toward the ocean. Presently they came to a house that had floated down the stream and stuck, and a familiar voice called:

"Hi dar, Cæsar! Drop dat baby an' cotch holt."

It was his grandmother's voice, and, looking up, he saw a sheet hanging down within his reach.

"Now, den!" called the voice. "Hi dar! Well, ef de fool boy ain't done gone!"

Cæsar had indeed gone, for the words of Mrs. Bird rang in his ears: "Don't drop her, Cæsar; hold on to her tight; I trust her to you;" and he just could not "drap dat baby an' cotch holt."

"Reck'n you an' me is got ter stick tergether somehow," he said aloud, as the little boat went steadily forward, almost miraculously dodging objects that might easily have caused its destruction. And the gathering dusk grew into night as it went on its way to the great ocean, and the baby began to show her discomfort by crying piteously.

"Is yer hongry, baby?" said Cæsar. "I ain't got nothin' fer yer ter eat, an' dar ain't nothin' ter eat out on de ocean; ain't nothin' dere but God; I knows, fer I done been dere; nothin' but God, an' we ain't got no preacher ter talk ter him an' tell him we's comin'. Mought be somepin' den he could do. Dere now, baby, don't yer cry. Is yer cold? De waters is colder," he said, thoughtfully, at the same time tucking the baby under his jacket so that only its little head was out. "Wonder ef de good Lord could ease dem troubled waters ef I could ax 'im. Ain't nothin' I knows how ter say ter him rightly, 'cep'n dat wot yer ma tell me ter say nighttime like yer leetle brother. Hit nighttime now; reck'n I kin say dat, an' God 'll know somebody down yere talkin' ter him."

Getting down on his knees, but still holding fast to the baby, he talked to the Lord in this way:

"Now I lays me down ter sleep,
(Dere, little baby, don't yer cry!)
I prays de Lord my soul ter keeps;
(Is yer cold, baby?" gently rocking his body to and fro.)

"Ef I should die before I wakes,
I prays de Lord my soul ter takes—

an' ef yer kin, O Lord, jes' come down an' do somethin fer dis yere baby; hit's hongry, an' de waters 'll be cold w'en de boat upsets. Amen."

"Hulloa! Who's there?" called a voice almost in Cæsar's ear.

"Hit's me, Lord; hit's Cæsar an' de baby wot I been tellin' yer 'bout, an' dis yere baby am hongry an' cold."

Cæsar thought that the Lord had indeed answered him in person when he was hailed by men who had stationed themselves where they might rescue those who were perhaps on their way to the great ocean.

The wonderful rescue of Cæsar and the baby was telegraphed far and wide, and Mrs. Bird, who with her other child had also been saved in a strange way, was overjoyed to find that her baby was safe. In thanking Cæsar, with a heart full of gladness, she praised him for being 'so loyal to a trust. It was because of that that her baby was alive.

"Yaas'm," said Cæsar, thoughtfully, "but yer see de good Lord done de same by me. W'en I put my trus' in him, an' call on him, he jes' answer me quicker 'n a wink; he ain't lost no time, nohow. Seems like I mus' jes' grow up ter be a preacher an' tell 'bout dat ting; fer dar's dem as don't understan', somehow."

WRITE IT.

[Miss Frances E. Willard recommended every young person to learn an' speak these stanzas]

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copybook,
That the young may often look,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the rum-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passers by.
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write on our ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
In the hearts of every band,
On the laws of every land,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

"HER SHPACIAL-I-TY."

[As recited by Harold J. Green, Public Reader.]

"An' how is yer little Bridget gittin' on wid her schoolin', Mrs. O'Flaherty, dear?"

"Foine."

"An' is she at the hid of her class in shpellin'?"

"No, there niver was a Flaherty yit who could shtop to shake hands wid the shpellin' book. They've no taste fur that koind of wurruk."

"Maybe it's 'rithmetic she loikes bist thin."

"'Rithmetic, is it! Sure, an' if she knows a noine frum a siven, it's more than I'm countin' on. She's no heart fur numbers, that Bridget."

After reading and writing had been mentioned by the neighbor only to be met with instant disdain, Mrs. O'Flaherty herself was asked to name the subject in which Bridget was making such rapid progress.

"I had me doubts, and so did Tim, when Bridget first shtarted to school, of her iver makin' a scholar, an' the cards that she brought hum uv a Saturday warn' real incuragin' as fur as me an' Tim could make out. But the ither day when I had Bridget down town buyin' her a new hat, who should I see but the school tacher a-shtandin' right ferninst us. He put his han' on Bridget's hid an' sez he: 'Mrs. O'Flaherty,' sez he, 'Bridget has foine talent fur procrastinatin'.' Wasn't I the proud woman thin! Shure I couldn't shpake a wurrud fur joy, but jist drapped a little curt'sey an' turned as red as any beet."

"An' ain't that a new shtudy, Mrs. O'Flaherty?" asked the neighbor, cautiously forbearing any attempt to master the imposing word.

"I may say it's an iextra. I axed Bridget a few questions about it, but it's the truth I'm tellin' ye, the choild couldn't tell me any more about it than I knew a'ready. You say, the tacher is instructin' her unbeknownst to hersilf, as they do now'days, but some day we'll know all bout it, an' it'll be a happy day fur me an' Tim whin we kin sit on the platform drissed in our besht clothes, a-hearin' little Bridget, growin' a big gurrul, a-ladin' the hull class in Pro-cras-ti-na-tin'."

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

KATE H. CLEVELAND.

Good Uncle Riley sent the lad
A box of little tools—
A plane, a handsaw, and a file,
A chisel, and some rules.
The child began to play with them
And shouted loud with glee,
While Uncle Riley said 'twas plain
A builder he would be.

His grandma sent a story book,
With many pretty views;
The print was large, the book was strong,
So it could stand abuse.
The youngster seized it with delight;
"You see, as sure as fate,"
His grandma said, with glowing pride,
"He'll be a writer great."

The father gave his son and heir
An engine—just a toy—
And in two hours the working parts
Were scattered around the boy,
"Aha!" said papa, swelling up;
"He's all right. Never fear,
That boy will yet be known to fame
As a great engineer."

An old maid aunty, wishing to
Improve the youngster's mind,
Sent him a useful history,
Inscribed with wishes kind.
The boy turned o'er the pages big,
With interested stare,
And aunty quickly said, "He'll be
A statesman, I declare!"

The years rolled on. The little boy
Has grown to man's estate.
He's "engineering" many things
And "building" o'er the state.
He "writes" occasionally, too;
He's up to statecraft's tricks.
He's fulfilled all the prophecies,
For he's in politics.

"BUCKS."

FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

[A Story from the Train Despatcher's Office. Copyrighted by S. S. McClure Co., and reprinted by courtesy of McClure's Magazine.]

Christmas Eve everywhere but on the West End, where it was just plain December 24th.

"High winds will prevail for ensuing twenty-four hours. Station agents will use extra care to secure cars on sidings; brakemen must take care not to get blown from moving trains."

That's all Bucks said in his bulletin that evening; not a word about Christmas or Merry Christmas. In fact, if Christmas had come to McCloud that night they couldn't have held it twenty-four minutes, much less twenty-four hours; the wind was too high. All the week, all the day, all the night it had blown—a December wind; dry as an August noon, bitter as powdered ice. It was in the early days of our Western railroading, when we had only one fast train on the schedule—the St. Louis-California express; and only one

fast engine on the division—101; and only one man on the whole West End—Bucks. Bucks was assistant superintendent and master mechanic and train master and chief despatcher and storekeeper—and a bully good fellow. There were some boys in the service; among them Callahan. Callahan was seventeen, with hair like a sunset, and a mind as quick as an air-brake. It was his first year at the key, and he had a night trick under Bucks.

Callahan claims it blew so hard that night that it blew some of the color out of his hair.

* * *

No. Fifty-nine, the California Express, was late that night.

* * *

Fifty-nine was due at eleven o'clock; it was half-past twelve when she pulled in on Callahan's track. But Bucks hung around the office until she staggered up under the streaked moonlight as frowsy a looking train as ever choked on alkali.

* * *

The conductor and the brakemen climbed down sullenly, and the baggage-man shoved open his door, and slammed a trunk down on the platform without a pretense of sympathy. Then the outgoing crew climbed abroad, and in a hurry. The outgoing conductor ran down-stairs from the register, and pulled his cap down hard before he pushed ahead against the wind to give the engineer his copy of the orders as the new engine was coupled up. There were two short, choppy snorts from 101, and Fifty-nine moved out stealthily, evenly, resistlessly into the teeth of the night. In another minute only her red lamps gleamed up the yard. One man still stood on the platform and watched the train recede. It was Bucks. We came up to the Train Despatcher's office and sat down. Callahan wondered why he didn't go home and get to bed; but Callahan was too good a railroad man to ask such questions of a superior. Bucks might have stood on his head on the

stove—and it red-hot—without being pursued by inquiries from Callahan.

"I kind of looked for my mother to-night," Bucks said presently, "Wrote she was coming out pretty soon for a little visit."

"Where does your mother live?"

"Chicago. I sent her transportation two weeks ago. Reckon she thought she'd better stay home for Christmas. Back in God's country they have Christmas just about this time of year. I'm going home. Watch out to-night, Jim. It's a tough wind."

The wind tore frantically around the station; but everything else was so still. It was one o'clock and not a soul about but Callahan.

"D-i, D-i, J" clicked sharp and fast. "Twelve or fourteen cars passed here—just—now east—running a-a-a-." Callahan sprang up like a flash—listened. What? R-u-n-n-i-n-g a-w-a-y?

It was the Jackson operator calling; Callahan jumped to the key. "What's that?" he asked quick as lightning could dash it.

"Twelve or fourteen cars coal passed here, fully forty miles an hour, headed east, driven by the wi——"

That was all J could send, for Ogallala broke in. Ogallala is the station just west of Jackson. And with Callahan's copper hair rising higher at every letter, this came from Ogallala: "Heavy gust caught twelve coal cars on side track and sent them out on main line and off down the grade."

They were already past Jackson, eight miles, headed east, and running down hill. Callahan's eyes turned like hares to the train-sheet. Fifty-nine, going west, was due that minute to leave Callendar. From Callendar to Griffin is a twenty-mile run. There is a station between, but there was no night operator in those days. The runaway coal train was then less than thirty miles west of Griffin, coming down a forty-mile grade like a cannon-ball. If Fifty-nine could be stopped at Callendar, she could be laid by in five minutes, out of the way of the certain destruction ahead of her on the main line.

Callahan seized the key, and began calling "Cn." He pounded until the call burnt into his fingers. It was an age before Callendar answered; then Callahan's order flew: "Hold Fifty-nine. Answer quick."

And Callendar answered: "Fifty-nine just pulling out of upper yard. Too late to stop her. What's the matter?"

Callahan ran to the window, and threw up the sash. The moon shone a bit through the storm of sand, but there was not a soul in sight. There were lights in the round-house, a hundred yards across the track. Callahan pulled a revolver from his pocket—every railroad man out there carried one those days—and, covering one of the round-house windows, began firing. It was a risk. There was one chance, maybe, in a thousand of his killing a night man. But there were a thousand chances to one that a whole train-load of men and women would be killed inside of thirty minutes if he couldn't get help. He chose a window in the machinists' section, where he knew no one usually went at night. He poured bullets into the unlucky casement as fast as powder could carry them. Reloading rapidly, he watched the round-house door; and, sure enough, almost at once it was cautiously opened. Then he fired into the air—one, two, three, four, five, six—and he saw a man start for the station on the dead run. He knew, too, by the tremendous sweep of his legs, that it was Ole Anderson, the night foreman, the man of all others he wanted.

"Ole," cried the despatcher, waving his arms frantically as the giant Swede leaped across the track and stood on the platform below him, "go get Bucks. I've got a run-away train going against Fifty-nine. For your life, Ole, run!"

The big fellow was into the wind with the word. Bucks boarded four blocks away. Callahan, slamming down the window, took the key, and began calling Rowe. Rowe is the first station east of Jackson; it was now the first point at which the runaway freight train could be headed.

"R-o, R-o," he rattled. The operator must have been sitting on the wire, for he answered at once. As fast as Callahan's fingers could talk, he told Rowe the story and gave him orders to get the night agent, who he knew must be down to sell tickets for Fifty-nine, and pile all the ties they could gather across the track to derail the runaway train. Then he began thumping for Kolar, the next station east of Rowe, and the second ahead of the runaways. He pounded and he pounded, and when the man at Kolar answered, Callahan could have sworn he had been asleep—just from the way he talked. Does it seem strange? There are many strange things about a despatcher's senses. "Send your night man to west switch-house track, and open for runaway train. Set brakes hard on your empties on siding, to spill runaways if possible. Do anything and everything to keep them from getting by you. Work quick."

Behind Kolar's O. K. came a frantic call from Rowe. "Runaways went by here like a streak. Knocked the ties into toothpicks. Couldn't head them."

Callahan didn't wait to hear any more. He only wiped the sweat from his face. It seemed forever before Kolar spoke again. Then it was to say: "Runaway went by here before night man could get to switch and open it."

Would Bucks never come? And if he did come, what on earth could stop the runaway train now? They were heading now into the worst grade on the West End. It averages one per cent. from Kolar to Griffin, and there we get down off the Cheyenne Hills with a long reverse curve, and drop into the canyon of the Blackwood with a three per cent. grade. Callahan, almost besides himself, threw open a window to look for Bucks. Two men were flying down Main street towards the station. Callahan knew them. They were Ole and Bucks.

* * *

In twenty minutes from the time Bucks took the key the two trains would be together—could he save the passengers?

A few sharp, quick calls brought Griffin. Callahan listening, heard Griffin answer. Bucks rattled a question. How the heart hangs on the faint, uncertain tick of a sounder when human lives hang on it, too!

"Where are your section men?" asked Bucks.

"In bed, at the section house."

"Who's with you?"

"Night agent; sheriff with two cowboy prisoners, waiting to take Fifty-nine."

Before the last word—Bucks rattled back:

"To Operator.—Ask sheriff to release prisoners to save passenger train. Go to west switch-house track, open, and set it. Smash in section tool-house, get tools, go to point of curve, cut rails, point them to send runaway freight over bluff into river.—Bucks."

The words flew off his fingers like sparks—and again:

"To Agent.—Go to east switch, open, and set for passing track. Flag Fifty-nine and run her on siding. If can't get Fifty-nine into the clear, ditch the runaways.—Bucks."

* * *

It was Harvey Reynolds who took them off the other end of the wire—a boy in a thousand for that night and that minute. The instant the words flashed into the room he instructed the agent, grabbed an ax, and dashed out into the waiting-room, where the sheriff, Ed Banks, sat with his prisoners, the cowboys.

"Ed," cried Harvey, "there's a runaway train from Ogallala coming down the line in the wind. If we can't trap it here, it'll knock Fifty-nine into kindling wood. Turn the boys loose, Ed, and save the passenger train. Boys, show the man and square yourselves right now. I don't know what you're here for; but I believe it's to save Fifty-nine. Will you help?"

The two men sprang to their feet; Ed Banks slipped the handcuffs off their wrists in a trice. "Never mind the rest of it. Save the passenger train first," he roared. Everybody from Ogallala to Omaha knew Ed Banks.

"Which way? How?" cried the cowboys in a lather of excitement.

Harvey Reynolds, beckoning as he ran, rushed out the door and up the track, his posse at his heels, all stumbling into the gale like lunatics.

"Smash in the tool-house door," panted Harvey as they neared it.

Ed Banks seized the ax from his hands and took command as naturally as Dewey would. "Pick up that tie and ram her," he cried, pointing to the door. "All together—now."

Harvey and the cowboys splintered the stout panel in a twinkling, and Banks with a few clean strokes cut an opening; and the cowboys, jumping together, ran in and began fishing for the tools in the dark. One of them got hold of a wrench; the other a pick. Harvey caught up a clawbar, and Banks seized a spike-maul. In a bunch they ran for the point of the curve on the house track. It lies there close to the verge of a limestone bluff which looms up fifty feet above the river.

But it is one thing to order a contact opened, and another and very different thing to open it, at two in the morning on December 25th, by men who know no more about track-cutting than about logarithms. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder the man of the law and the men out of the law, the rough riders and the railroad boy, pried and wrenched and clawed and struggled with the steel. While Harvey and Banks clawed at the spikes the cowboys wrestled with the nuts on the bolts of the fish-plates.

The nuts wouldn't twist, the spikes stuck like piles, sweat covered the assistants, Harvey went into a frenzy. "Boys, we must work faster," he cried, tugging at the frosty spikes; but flesh and blood could do no more.

"There they come—there's the runaway train—I can hear it. I'm going to open the switch, anyhow," Harvey shouted, starting up the track. "Save yourselves."

Heedless of the warning, Banks struggled with the plate-bolts in a silent fury. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Give me the maul!"

Raising the heavy tool as if it had been a tack-hammer, he landed heavily on the bolt-nuts, and they flew

one after another like bullets over the bluff. The taller cowboy, bending close on his knees, raised a yell. The plates had given way. Springing to the other rail, Banks stripped the bolts even after the mad train had shot into the gorge above them. Then they drove the pick under the loosened steel, and with a pry that bent the clawbar and a yell that reached Harvey, trembling at the switch, they tore away the stubborn contact, and pointed the rails over the precipice.

The shriek of a locomotive whistle cut the wind. Looking east, Harvey saw Fifty-nine's headlight. She was certainly pulling in on the siding. He still held the switch open to send the runaways into the trap which Bucks had set, if the passenger train failed to get into the clear; but there was a minute yet—a bare sixty seconds—and Harvey had no idea of dumping ten thousand dollars' worth of equipment into the river unless it was absolutely necessary.

Suddenly, up went the safety signals from the east end. Banks and the cowboys, waiting breathless, saw Harvey with a determined lurch close the main-line contact.

In the next breath the coalers, with the sweep of the gale behind their frightful velocity, smashed over the switch and on. In a rattling whirl of ballast and a dizzy clatter of noise, and before the frightened crew of Fifty-nine could see what was against them, they were gone!

"I wasn't going to stop here to-night," said the engineer, as he stood with the conductor, looking over Harvey's shoulder at the operator's desk a minute later. "We'd have met them right in the canyon, Harvey."

But Harvey was reporting to Bucks. Callahan heard it coming: "Rails cut, but Fifty-nine safe. Runaways went by here fully seventy miles an hour."

* * *

It was three o'clock that morning—the twenty-fifth of December—before they got things decently straight-

ened out; there was so much to do—orders to make and reports to take. Bucks, still on the key, took them all. Then he turned the seat over to Callahan, and, getting up for the first time in two hours, dropped into a chair close by.

The very first thing Callahan got was a personal from Pat Francis, conductor of Fifty-nine, at Ogallala. It was for Bucks: "Your mother is aboard Fifty-nine. She was carried by McCloud in the Denver sleeper. Sending her back to you on Sixty. Merry Christmas."

It came off the wire fast. Callahan, taking it, didn't think Bucks heard; but it's probable he did. Callahan threw the clip over towards him with a laugh. "Look there, old man. There's your mother coming, after all your kicking—carried by on Fifty-nine."

The big despatcher's head had sunk on the table, between his arms. Callahan sprang to his side; Bucks had fainted.

THE LYRIC SEER

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The poet is forever young
And speaks the one immortal tongue.
To him the wonder never dies,
For youth is looking through his eyes.
Pale listener at the heart of things,
He hears the voices and the wings;
He hears the skylark overhead—
Hears the far footfalls of the dead.

When the swift Muses seize their child,
Then God has gladness rich and wild;
For when the bard is caught and hurled,
A splendor breaks across the world.
His song distills a saving power
From foot-worn stone, from wayside flower,
He knows the gospel of the trees,
The whispered message of the seas;

Finds in some beetle on the road
 A power to lift the human load;
 Sees in some dead leaf, dried and curled,
 The deeper meaning of the world;
 Hears through the roar of mortal things
 The God's immortal whisperings;
 Sees the world-wonder rise and fall,
 And knows that Beauty made it all.

He finds the faithful witness hid
 In poppy-head and Pyramid;
 The Golden Heaven or the Pit—
 He shakes the music out of it.
 All things yield up their souls to him,
 From dateless dust to seraphim.
 He walks the circle of the sun,
 And weighs the planets, one by one.
 He feels the motion of the sphere,
 And builds his song in sacred fear.

HIS LIMITATION.

Some months ago one of the janitors of a certain school rang up a member of the school board.

"What do you want?" said the member.

"This is Smith, the janitor of the — street school, and I have made up my mind to quit my job."

"What's the trouble?"

"I am honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or a handkerchief when I am sweeping I place it on the teacher's desk. Every little while, though, the teachers or some of the pupils, who are too cowardly to face me, give me a slur."

The member of the board thought that something was wrong, and decided to find what it was and correct it.

"In what way are you slurred, Smith?" he asked.

"Why, a little while ago I saw written on the board, 'Find a common multiple.' Well, I don't know what

it is like, but I have looked from cellar to garret, and I can't find it."

The M. S. B. had to get away from the 'phone to laugh. When he had recovered his composure he came back.

"Well, what made you give up your job?" he said.

"Well, last night, in big writing, on the blackboard, I found this: 'Find the greatest common divisor,' and I said to myself, 'Both of them miserable things are lost,' and I get the blame for swiping them.' So I am going to quit. Good-bye."

"SOUND MONEY."

ALICE WASHBURN

[Written for Let-Loose, the girl orator Campaign of 1896.]

Those ob you who hea'd de o'ator a week ago, in dis bery Op'ra House, hea'd him say dat one ob de political candidates ob de day hadn' made enny two hundred and sixty-two speeches, but what he had done was to make one speech and delibe' it two hundred and sixty-two times. Now, les' some ob you is reprehensive in rega'd ter dis one ob mine, I will tell you right h'yar dat Ise nebah delibe'ed it befo', an' ef Ise 'live when I get thoo I'll nebah delibe' it again. De reason dat Ise nebah delibe'ed it befo' will be apparent to you when I tells you all dat aftah I came h'yar dis ebenin' I was bery unexpectedly called upon to make you a few contemporaneous remarks, but, as de houh is gettin' somewhat late I will proceed widout enny mo' perilocution to a concussion ob de questions ob de houh.

(Here Mrs. Loose untied the very generous strings of her gray plug hat, and after removing from it bits of manuscript, and refreshing herself with a copious draught of water, proceeded.)

. De women dis yea', no mattah ef deyse new women or ol' maids, is tekin' a mighty big interes' in politics. We pint wid swellin' bosoms, filled wid pride an' commotion, ter de lion-hearted women who ar' battlin' wid tongue

an' pen ter argufy in de political areny. Look at Mis' Bryan, fo' instance. It's true she stays at home an' min's her chillun like a mudder ought, but she also tends to de law business ob de firm, an' burns de midnight oil in writin' ebery one ob dose blessed speeches what her dea' Billy delibe's so bu'ful. How do I know it? I know it by de sent'ments, all on 'em thought out in de female brain. "Crosses ob gol'!" don' dat soun' like a woman? "Crown ob thorns upon de brow ob labo'!" Why, dat's a woman all ober. os' likely she done think dat out aftah a ha'd week's washin'.

As I came on de platfo'm dis ebenin' I hea'd a member ob de firs' yea' votahs' club rema'k, "Huh! we don' wan' ter see women at de poles!" But dey do! De men all want ter to see women at de poles—some at de Norf pole, some at de Souf.

We women dis yea' know jus' what we want. We want our confidences resto'ed. Our confidences has been terribly shook lately, an' we ain' so skeered 'bout de fifty cent dollah as we are 'bout no dollahs at all. You all know dat de firs' issue ob de greenback put \$60,000,000 into circulation, an' den de depredators ob de currency issued subsidiary coin. Subsidiary coin! Dat means dat de 'mount ob silvah in dat dollah subsided an' subsided, till de firs' thing you know dere won' be nuf-fin' lef' in dat dere dollah but de stuffin'.

My political deponents will tell you dat deyse only one plank in de platfo'm ob de silvah party. Don' you b'liebe dat. Does enny one h'yar s'pose fo' an instance dat enny deliable, self-respectin' organization would think ob tryin' to suppo't itself on a little narrow railin' ob a platfo'h dat would bus' in two de firs' time he puts his foot on it?

My political deponents will tell you dat gol' is a sluggish movah, dat it ain' such an active hustlah as de greenback. Now, dat's jus' why we need de fo'ce bill, to fo'ce de gol' an' silvah outen de vaults at Washington, an' hustle 'em right into de pockets ob de laborin' man. How we gwine decomplich dis? I leabe you all ter study out dat pint.

We women go in fo' financial refo'm. We do! Male finansteers hab tol' us ober an' ober, we ought to put mo' money in circulation. So we minded 'em, like we allus do. We put ours in circulation, an' it circulated so fa' it nebah came back. Den dey tu'ns roun' on us an' calls us "spen'thrif's!" an' "Did we think dey was Vanderbilts an' Astorses?" Spen'thrif's! Talk about your feminine extravagance, when ebery votah h'yar knows dat de gol' plank ob de firs' convention was wiv-drawn. De idea ob you men puttin' gol' planks in youh platfo'ms, when a pine boa'd's plenty good 'nuff.

We women advocate a new principle ob finanst—we plead fo' remedial legislation. We wan'ter remedy de price ob ice cream so's you honeys can get it fo' de askin'. We wan' sealskin sacks so cheap all de women can wear dem ef dey wan' to. We want turkey so cheap dat de laborin' man—an' Lor' how we lobe de laborin' man—can carry a piece ob breas' meat in his dinnah pail ebery day, wid a hunk ob stuffin' as big as dat frowed in beside. We want Eau de Cologne so cheap dat a woman can affo'd to fumigate herself seben times a week.

An' we mus' do somethin' fo' de fa'mer. De poo' ol' fa'mer is like to be et up body, soul an' breeches by dese h'yar new bugs we read about in de papers. Deyse swoopin' down into de agricultooral districts so thick dat you cyan't see de sun shine. We mus' petition Congress to distribute free pison, to rid de farmers ob dese h'yar silvah bugs. An' we mus' do mo' dan dat! We mus' do' mo' dan dat! We must cuspidate de contradiction papers from de intrinsic protuberances, dat devolutionize de devaricators ob de body politic! How we gwine decomplich dis? I leabe you to study out dat pint.

Las' week, assemblyman — tol' you dat de income tax ob de ways an' means committee was a burden. He knows bettah! Gib a woman de means an' she can fin' de ways widout consultin' de committee. 'Sides no man's income is a tax. It's de lack ob de income dat is a burden to de laborin' man.

Talk about gol' bein' appreciated, why gol' is appreciated jus' as much now as it eber was' an' I can prove it right h'yar. Ef enny ob you votahs should go down town to-morrow mawnin', an' some young dude should step up an' put a \$5 gol' piece in you' han' an' ask you to supply it on his las' yea's tailor's bill, wouldn' de gol' be appreciated?

As fo' de free an' unlimited coinage ob silvah at de ratio ob 16 to 1, dat's all right as fa' as it goes, but 'tain' 'nuff. Why, goodness lan's! Wid millions lyin' idle in de vaults at Washington, a great gov'ment like dis ought to do bettah by her humble citizens dan 16 to 1. My ol' man say we bettah not make a furse or we won' get nothin'. Say Lige, "Let de Gaul hab his sunny souf, let the Jew hab his cheap clothin' house, but let de cullud man hab his share ob de 16 to 1. 'Sides, Mary, 16 to 1 ain' so bad when deyse ten in de fam'ly. At \$16 apiece we'd get \$160!" But I nebah answered. It were de principle ob de thing I were aftah. Oh, my frien's, beware! Beware de eddyin' whirlpool, dat foams like a sody promontory from out a cloudless sky, betwinkled wid two millions ob countless stars from out de ethereal effervescence ob a mighty gubernatorial juberosity!

Ise tol' you plenty 'nuff 'bout soun' money, an' gwine, now, to talk fo' a minute on soun' sense. You all know I used to wo'k fo' Mis' Coun' Castellane's mudder befo' de wa'. Well, I had a letter from Mis' Castellane dis mawnin', in which she tell me 'Merican girls dat crosses de ocean goes in search ob fo'eign titles, dey is huntin' up spuriferous counts, an' she ask me ef I cayn't pint out de means ob resecution. Las' week she walk by de house ob a Fift' Abenue belle, who was practicin' wid dumb bells, wid foils, an' wid de boxin' gloves. Mis' Castellane goes in, an' she say, "What you gwine do?" An' she say, "I gwine get ready to be married. Ise gwine marry a knight—a knight hawk, but I s'picion he gwine marry me fo' my money." Sure 'nuff she's right. De weddin' breakfas' wan' hardly congested fo' he demanded to know how much she gwine 'low him fo' pin money. When she

tell him he shriek, "Tain' 'nuff! I'se ruined! I'se been swindle'." Wid dat he gib her a box on de ear, but she parity de blow, an' knock him down, an' beat him good. Den she tell him de members ob de fo'eign debility was nobodies. Their manchestors came from barbers an' gobblers, an' she wanted him to understan' dat a 'Merican woman did not consider herself disdained to be trampled upon. Aftah he had simmered down considerable she let him up, sayin', "I'll meet you again whenever youse ar' ready!" Now, my dea' young ladies, dat's what you mus' do ef you mus' wed a fo'eign count. Learn firs' how to hit out from de shoulder, an' you'll fetch you man ebery time.

Las'ly, in bringin' dis subjec' to a delusion, let me be recorded as sayin', right h'yar, dat live or die, swim or ride a bicycle, I pledge my suppo't, dis yea', dat I gib my hea't an' my han' (ef ennybody wants it) to dat party dat will put down fo'ever de desuetudinous in-ocuity ob man's totality to de universal obtrusiveness ob his Pluribum E Uniburst

FORAGING OR STEALING?

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darky. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never once left the judge. "Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Marse Jim!" he had exclaimed when brought into the courtroom by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecuting at-

torney had been ignored. "My ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner is found guilty as charged," he said, as he adjusted the gold-rimmed affairs on his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?"

In his turn the old darky straightened up. The stern look of the court caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said, "I has somepen ter say, an' I'se gwine ter say hit. Ef dey's trouble comin' doan' you blame me 'ca'se you ast me ter talk.

"Now looky heah, Marse, Jim, you knows me jes' as well as I knows you. I'se known you eber since you was knee high ter a duck an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean till jes' now.

"Dey brought me in heah an' tole me I stole a shoat. But I didn't t'ink nothin' ob dat; an' you nebbah did befoah till jes' now. I come heah aftah justice. I thought I was gwine ter git hit 'ca'se you was jedge. But I fin's I is mistaken. If I'd er known I'd er got ter make er fight fer hit, I wouldn't er had nothin' to do wid dis heah piece of pizen-faced white trash ober heah—I'd er got er lawyah. He ain't none ob de quality, I knows, 'ca'se my folks befoah de wah was de right kin'. But I didn't know dat, an' now you axes me if I'se got anyt'ing ter say. Yes, sah! I hase somepen ter say an', as I tole you, I'se er gwine ter say hit.

"Marse Jim, doan' you 'member dat I was yo' body servint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter russle fer grub fer you an' yo' chum when de rations got sho't? An' didn't you use ter smack yo' lips ober my cookin' an' say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager?' Why, I stole chickens an' turkeys an' shoats fer you clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta, Georgy! An' ebery time you got er squah meal, which was most generally 'casionally, you en yo' chum 'ud say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager!' You didn't say nothin' agin' hit then. No, sah! An' I want ter know, if hit was foragin' then, huccome hit stealin' now?

"An' doan you 'member, Marse Jim, dat one day you come ter me an' say, 'Jim, ter-morrer's Christmas, an' we'se got ter have er fine spread?' An' didn't I git out an' steal er turkey an' ham an' er bottle er dew-drop whisky? An' didn't you invite yo' brudder officers in nex' day an' order things jest scan'lous, an' make 'em open dey eyes? Ef hit was foragin' during de wah, huc-come it stealin' now?"

"Yes, en doan you 'member, Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you prisoner at Chancellorsville? Didn't you gib me yo' gray uniform an' er lock ob yo' hah en yo' sword, en didn't you say kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em ter her?' En didn't I take 'em? I toted dem t'ings through de bresh a hun'ed miles, an' when I come to de front gate dah stood Miss Em'ly! She's daid now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dat dare ain't no purer nor whiter angil up erbove de clouds dan her! En when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bald-headed baby dat you was so proud of, up close an' cry: 'He's daid, he's daid; my Gawd, he's daid!' En didn't de tears of grief come rolling down ober dese old black han's an' wash de stains ob trabbel erway? En when I ups an' saiy: 'No, he ain't daid, Miss Em'ly, de Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimeby,' didn't de tears of joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears of grief erway?"

"Now, looky heah, Marse Jim, my ole wooman an' three pickaninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods neah Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat. En when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen de yuther day en sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest, was so poah dat you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' agin. You ain't gwine to sen' yo' ole body sarvint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Marse Jim?"

There was silence in the courtroom for a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them fur-tively and vainly tried to hide the movement by vigor-ously rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief. Finally

he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese;
You find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a cow, if repeated, is never called kine,
And the plural of vow is vows, not vine,
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in a plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren;
Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you will all agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

MR. DOOLEY DEFINES A POET.

The Archey Road Literary Club was holding a meeting at Molly Donahue's, and Mr. Donahue and Mr. Dooley engaged in an analytical discussion of poets and poetry:

"Why shud men, grown men, write poetry?" Mr. Donahue demanded, with a great show of spirit.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis this way with thim. A pote's a man with something to say that he hasn't thought out. Now, ye'er in a way, Malachi, a pote. Whin ye'er at home bustin' to expriss perself, an' not knowin' exactly what it is ye want to say, or how ye ought to say it if ye knew, ye have th' makin's iv a pote in ye. Ye needn't look savage. Ye'll niver be wan while ye feel sthrong about your throubles. A pote doesn't feel really bad. He on'y thinks he does. He's able to find wurruds to pour out his heart in, an' more thin that he's able f'r to cut up th' wurruds into proper len'ths an' have thim fit into each other like matched flurin'. Think iv a man sittin' down with a woild passion in his hear-rt an' tryin' to measure it with a pocket-rule! Th' man that's rale mad, that's mad clear through, can't speak plainly. He splutters as you do, avick. That's wan reason I'm again pothry. There ar-re other reasons, but that's wan iv thim. But we've got to take iverything in life, th' good with th' bad. Ivery man that r-reads must r-read his peck iv pothry."

EASTER-TIDE.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death;
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin-soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

In the countless green blades of the meadows,
The sheen of the daffodil's gold,
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,
The opaline mist on the wold,

In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture,
The river's strong sweep to the sea,
Are signs of the day that is hasting
In gladness to you and to me.

So dawn in thy splendor of lilies,
Thy fluttering violet breath,
Oh, jubilant morning of Easter,
Thou triumph of life over death!
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin-soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT RIDER CAME.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

In the backwoods of Ohio, in the days of long ago,
When religion was religion, not a dressy fashion show,
When the spirit of the Master fell as flames of living
fire,
And the people did the singing, not a trained artistic
choir,
There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing
tide,
No events to draw the people from their daily toil
aside,
Naught to set the pious spirit of the pioneers aflame
Save upon the rare occasions when the circuit rider
came.

He was usually mounted on the sorriest of nags,
All his outfit for the journey packed in leather saddle
bags,
And he'd travel with the Bible or the hymn book in
his hand,
Reading sacred word or singing of the happy Promised
Land.

How the toiling wives would glory in the dinners they
would spread,
And how many a hapless chicken or a turkey lost its
head
By the gleaming chopper wielded by the hand of sturdy
dame,
For it wasn't very often that the circuit rider came.

All the settlement around us would be ringing with
the news
That there'd be a meetin' Sunday, and we'd "taller" up
our shoes,
And we'd brush our homespun dress suits, pride of every
country youth,
And we'd grease our hair with marrow till it shone like
golden truth.
And the frocks of linsey-woolsey would be donned by all
the girls,
And with heated old fire pokers they would make their
corkscrew curls;
They were scarcely queens of fashion, but were lovely
just the same,
And they always looked their sweetest when the circuit
rider came.

As a preacher, holy Moses! how he'd swing the living
word,
How he'd draw the pious "bretherin'" yet closer to the
Lord,
And he'd raise the hair of sinners sitting on the back-
most seat
With his fiery, lurid pictures of the everlasting heat!
We have sat in grand cathedrals, triumphs of the build-
er's skill,
And in great palatial churches 'neath the organ's mellow
thrill,
But they never roused within us such a reverential
flame
As would burn in that old schoolhouse when the circuit
rider came.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

O, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet.
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lambs shall from the flock be lost
Nor nestling from the nest.

MAKING A MAN OF THE BOY.

"Yes, Mary," said the old farmer, as he climbed into the wagon beside his wife to drive homeward, "I've got a letter, and it's from William. You take the lines and I'll read it."

As they drove out of the village and over the bridge and up the long hill the husband and father slowly read aloud the words written by the soldier-son, now at the front. It was a gloomy letter. It told of hardships and sufferings and privations, and not one brave word was to be found from beginning to end.

"Poor boy!" sighed the mother, as the reading was finished and she relinquished the lines.

"Wall, I don't like it!" replied the father. "He was bound to go in spite of everything and now he ought to put up with things and not be a baby. Them Spicer boys don't send home no such letters as this."

"I—I wish he hadn't gone!"

"But he did go, and now he's got to grin and bear it, same as the rest. Don't you let on to nobody that he's homesick and ready to cry. If the nayburs got hold of it they'd poke all manner of fun at him, and be sneering at us."

"But we can sympathize with him," said the wife.

"A little, mebbe, but we ain't going to say very much I'm goin' to write him that he wants to take things as they come and be a man. There's them Spicer boys, and Tom Johnson and Henry Doolittle and Ben Smith, and nobody ever hears a whine from them."

"It's 'cause William is homesick to see us."

"Wall, he must get over it, then. I didn't want him to go, but bein' he's down there, he mustn't play baby and make us ashamed. I'd feel like hangin' myself if our William flunked out of a fight or deserted his colors. You've bin doin' the writin' and I guess you've writ too softly."

Down on the Rapidan, in the old Sixteenth, Private William Hopkins wasn't making a good record for himself. For the first four weeks of army life he was cheerful and enthusiastic, but after that a change had come. Homesickness is worse than a fever or a wound for a soldier. Every man with a home had had a touch of it, but most of them had thrown it off. Perhaps he tried to, but if so he didn't succeed. The boys got onto him, and though they felt to pity him, they did not

spare him their jibes and taunts. He was the booby of Company G, and even his tentmate had a feeling of contempt for him. One day the orderly sergeant said to him:

"Look here, Bill Hopkins, this thing has gone about far enough! You are making a first-class fool of yourself and if you don't brace up the boys will give you away at home. A boy 10 years old would be ashamed to mope around as you do."

Private Hopkins was hurt by these remarks, instead of being braced up, and turning his face away from the sergeant, he then and there resolved on a desperate deed. He would desert at the first opportunity. He wouldn't admit that homesickness had anything to do with it. He had been ill-used.

They had given him extra guard duty—extra work around camp—had bullied and jeered him in place of giving him a fair show. He could figure out that the captain and both lieutenants were down on him, and of the ninety men of the company he was the martyr.

An opportunity to carry out his plan came to Private Hopkins much sooner than he had hoped for. Company G was ordered out on a night reconnoissance, and pale-faced and weak-kneed, the homesick boy took his place in the lines. At roll call it was found that five men were missing. Two of those had been left dead in the road and two others were believed to have been wounded and crawled into the bushes. The fifth man was Private Hopkins and it was altogether likely that he had been taken prisoner. At any rate, he was thus recorded on the company roll, until something more could be learned.

As a matter of fact, the homesick boy had a narrow escape from capture, but the danger had no sooner passed than he found his opportunity to desert. Throwing away his gun and accoutrements, he headed for the federal lines and, having reached them, he set to work to dodge pickets and sentries. When morning came he was clear of those who would have halted him. With three months' pay in his pocket, he stood a good chance,

and two weeks later, dressed as a citizen, and after a dozen close shaves, he found himself within a mile of home. Up to that moment, when a turn of the highway gave him a view of the old homestead, he had been consumed with impatience to reach the farmhouse. Of a sudden he felt dissatisfied and began to wonder and reflect. He had departed amid the waving of flags and the cheers of hundreds. He was sneaking home as a deserter, almost dodging the cows and sheep in the fields. A loss of self-respect came to him and he heartily wished himself back at the front. He would go on, though.

He was penniless and way-worn and he wanted sympathy. Perhaps, after a stay of a week, he would go back to the army. When he had told father and mother how he had been abused, they would not blame him—would not call it a case of desertion. It was sundown when the boy approached the barn across the fields. He caught sight of his mother at the kitchen door and he heard the father in the barn. From the hour he deserted up to this he had pictured to himself how he would rush into the house and take the old folks by surprise, but now he changed the program. He went skulking along the fence until he reached the barn and there was shame in his face as he entered and stood before his father.

When the old man heard a step he looked up and stood leaning on the pitchfork in his hands. He saw his son William before him. The boy had been heard of last at the front. He was here and in citizen's attire, and he had no shout of greeting. If it had been a case of furlough he would have been in uniform, and some news would have come in advance.

"Well?" hoarsely queried the father, with stern-set face.

"They—they didn't use me right down there!" almost wailed the boy in reply.

"And so ye ran away?"

"Yes. It wasn't exactly deserting, but——"

"But ye sneaked off like a cur, never mindin' the disgrace sure to foller!"

For half a minute they looked into each other's eyes. The boy's knees grew weak and his face went white, and the face in front of him was so hard and cold that he wondered if he had ever seen it before. By and by the father sternly said:

"Stranger, I take it from yer bein' here that ye'd like supper and lodgin's, but I must tell ye that we can't accommodate!"

The boy felt a chill pass over him.

"That is," continued the father, "onless ye was goin' right back to the army to do yer duty as a soldier, and to stay until honorably discharged. I wouldn't let a deserter share the pen with my hogs.

"I've got a son down at the front," said the farmer in a voice which trembled a little. "His name's William Hopkins, and he's in Company G of the Sixteenth. If ye was goin' down I'd send word to him. I'd send word that he was expected to be a man among men, and to come home with a record as good as the rest. I'd hev ye also say to him that if he deserted his colors he'd never call this place home agin. I'd ruther hear he was killed in battle. Did ye say ye was goin' right back to the front?"

The son nodded his head.

"And to stay there till the end of the war?"

Another nod.

"Wall then, I shall hev to do sunthin' fur ye. I'll go into the house and git ye a bite to eat, and when it comes dark ye can take the hoss there and ride over to Strongsville. From there ye kin take the kyars ye know, and I'll pick up the hoss next day. I've jest paid the taxes, and I'm short o' money, but I'll bring ye out \$20. I guess that will get ye through. If ye don't git through, ye, ye——"

"I shall git through!" whispered the deserter.

"If ye was a son o' mine, I'd expect ye to or die tryin'! Jest wait here 'till I get the things fur ye."

Ten minutes later the farmer was back in the barn, having a bite to eat in one hand and a \$20 greenback in the other.

"You are pretty sure to see William?" he queried as he handed over the articles.

"Yes."

"Wall, tell him just what I said and tell him his mother won't know nuthin' about it. Ye—ye didn't meet anybody what knowed ye as ye come along?"

The deserter blushed and shook his head.

"And ye won't meet anybody goin' over to Strongs-ville? In about ten days I shall be lookin' fur a letter from William at the front, and he'll tell me if he's seen ye yit. There's the hoss and saddle and as soon as it's dark ye'd better be goin'. Good-bye to ye, stranger."

"Good-bye!"

One day as Company G had just finished drill the missing private, William Hopkins, walked into camp in charge of the provost guard. He had on a portion of a federal uniform and he had approached the pickets from the direction of the enemy.

"And so you were taken prisoner and escaped!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, I got away."

"Well, I'm glad to see you back. I feared you had been wounded and crawled away to die. Better write a letter home this afternoon, as the old folks will be worrying about you. You seem to have had a rough time of it, but you'll soon pick up."

The prodigal soldier had finished a page of his letter when the orderly sergeant stuck his head into the tent to say:

"Say, I'm mighty glad it happened! Those Rebs have knocked some sand into you somehow. You don't look like the same man. How's the homesick business?"

"All gone."

"Good. All it wanted was a sort of shock to drive it away, and you got one. If you hadn't gone out with us that night you'd have kept on brooding over things

until you'd played the fool and deserted. All right—all right—you'll make a soldier yet."

And two months later Farmer Hopkins returned from town one day with a letter in his hand, and as he tossed it to his wife, he said:

"Wall, Mary, our William is gitting there."

"What do you mean, Joel?"

"Why, he fit so well in the last big battle that they've went and made him corporal and he says he's purty sure to git up three or four pegs higher afore the war is over."

"You don't say? Wall, I allus told ye he'd do sunthin' to make us feel proud o' him, and now ye see I was right."

"Y-e-s," replied the farmer as he led the horse into the barnyard to be unhitched.

GIMLET VS. CORKSCREW.

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and proceeded to put on the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors and pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down.—

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over, and can't find it."

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh?" We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head, Richard," she said, as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"Oh, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing-machine drawer and turned over its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I've never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything."

"The house is as well kept as any of your folks can keep one," she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know whom you are talking to?" he yelled as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you'll be going for York State if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said,—

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house—which is a base falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four. You said corkscrew."

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table. "Well, now, I believe I did!"

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said tenderly, lifting her up.

"O Richard!" she chokingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right out doors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't—I love you still!—only—only—you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't—it ain't, Nancy; forgimme, and less be happy."

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if it hung up in the hall.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.

You are apt to begin finding out the dissimilarity between English as it ought to be spoken and English as it is spoken the first time you go shopping in London.

In traveling it is worse. It is like this:

You—A ticket, please.

He—Wot fur? (He means to what place.)

You—I want to take the elevated for—

He—Wot s'y, lydy? (What did you say, lady?)

You—the elevated for—

He—Never heard of the nime. Maybe you mean Elephant and Castle; that's 'bus line.

You—No; I want a railroad ticket

He—Oh, rileway; you mean Underground.

You (doubtfully, as you look at the long stairs you must climb to get to the "Underground" and hear a train thunder overhead)—Well, yes; Underground.

He—What fur?

You—Why, to get uptown.

He (exasperatingly)—W'ere do you want to go? (Implovingly) 'Urry up, lydy; don't tike all dye.

You—Notting Hill.

He—Notting 'ill or Notting 'ill Ghyte Station?

You (at a venture)—Ghyte Station. I think.

He looks at you sourly, and you return the look blandly, unconscious that you have to his face mimicked his cocknification of the words Gate Station

He—What clawss?

You (like all American idiots)—First, please.

He—Return ticket?

You—Return? No, I want to go there.

He (sarcastically)—Iynte you nuvver coming back ageyne? If you h'are, don't you want a return?

You—Oh, a round-trip; yes, of course.

He—'Ere you h'are (meaning here is the ticket), and 'ere's your chaynge. Mykyste!

This last word, translated into American English means haste. And you, as you frantically sweep up an unassorted mass of half crowns, florins, shillings, six-pences and three sorts of coppers into your purse, wish to say that you are making haste. But, unconsciously dropping into a Londonese dialect, you ejaculate: "I am a-myking hyste."

THE LAST SUMMONS.

I would not die in springtime,

When nature first awakes,

When men get out their wheelbarrows,

And spades, and hoes, and rakes,

And twist their backs, and plant their seeds,

And wait to see them sprout,

While yet they stone their neighbors' hens

That come to scratch them out.

I would not die in summer,

When everything is ripe,

And fallen man is writhing

In raw cucumber's gripe;

When baseball cranks are talking,

And all the landscape o'er

Is sprinkled thick with flowers

And "garden sass" galore.

I would not die in autumn,
 When football has the call,
 And long-haired youths are training
 Some other youths to maul,
 When politics are booming,
 Thanksgiving close at hand,
 And cider-mills are running
 Throughout the happy land.

I would not die in winter,
 E'en though it be so drear,
 For then, you see, there's Christmas,
 With all its goodly cheer.
 No, I'd not die in winter,
 Nor summer, spring or fall;
 And come to think it over,
 I would not die at all.

SHOPPING.

She screamed in terror when her purse
 Was snatched from out her jeweled hand,
 And hurled a modest semi-curse
 Toward the fleeing, bold brigand;
 And when the copper caught the thief
 She seized the purse with anxious air,
 And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
 To find her treasures all were there.—
 A penciled note
 Her fellow wrote,
 A sugar plum,
 A wad of gum,
 A hairpin (bent),
 A copper cent,
 A button-hook
 With broken crook,
 A safety pin,
 A curling tin,
 A powder rag,
 A sachet bag.

There were the treasures which she bore
 Around with her from store to store
 While on a shopping tour, to see
 The many pretty things which she
 Would love to buy if she but had
 The cash, and with a smile so glad
 It almost made the copper sneeze
 She thanked him, and with sprightly ease
 Tripped on to seek another store
 Or two where she could shop some more.

EXPANSION.

WALT WHITMAN.

[A poem written forty years ago]

I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time
 on those groups of sea islands;
 My sailships and steamships threading the archipelagoes,
 My Stars and Stripes fluttering in the wind;
 Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its
 work, races reborn, refresh'd,
 Lives, works resumed—the object I know not—but the
 old, the Asiatic renew'd as it must be,
 Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.

"I chant the world on my Western sea,
 I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the
 sky;
 I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a
 vision it comes to me;
 I chant America, the mistress; I chant a greater suprem-
 acy.

"Were the children straying westward so long? so wide
 the tramping?
 Were the precedent dim ages debouching westward from
 Paradise so long?

Were the centuries steadily footing that way, all the while
unknown, for you, America, for reasons?
But they are justified, they are accomplished, they shall
now be turned the other way also, to travel toward
you thence,
They shall now also march obediently eastward for
your sake, Libertad!"

COMPOSITION DAY.

L. H. BRUCE.

'Twas "composition day" in school—
That dreaded of all days;
The subject was "The Chinese Folk"
And their perplexing ways;
And many a little head was racked
For thought, or word, or phrase.

The teacher sat beside the board,
Her ready aid to lend;
Explain, advise, hard word to spell,
And halting clause to mend.
Descriptions rare were penciled there,
And wondrous tales were penned.

One little girl held up her hand,
As from her seat she rose.
"Oh, teacher, will you tell me, please,
However you spell 'sews?' (sows)
I've tried with all my might,
And yet I can't think how it goes."

The teacher spelled "S-e-w-s,
That means, of course, to sew
As women do, on seam and hem,
As I suppose you know."
A frown the childish forehead bore,
Her discontent to show.

" 'Tis not that kind, at all, I want,"
 Here shook her curly head;
 "It doesn't have a thing to do
 With needle or with thread;
 So spell me, teacher, if you can,
 Another 'sows,' " she said.

"S-o-w-s, it must be then;
 To strew the ground with seed."
 Again the head denial signed;
 "That ain't the word I need.
 I'm just obliged to have it,
 Or I can't get on, indeed."

The teacher, puzzled, bade the child
 Repeat the phrase complete.
 "The Chinese twisses down their toes,
 And squeegee up the meat
 So's they can hardly walk at all
 On such reedic'lous feet."

'NOUGH FOR ME.

JAMES FOLEY, JR.

Sometimes I think I'll thrash him good,
 He needs it bad, I'm sure,
 An' sometimes—well, I b'lieve I would,
 'N then I can't endure
 T' tech th' musin' little kid.
 For when he smiles, y' see,
 He looks jes' like his mother did,
 An' that's enough for me.

I guess a hundred times or more
 I've taken him inside
 Th' bedroom there, an' closed th' door,
 An' tried an' tried an' tried

T' bring myself to strike him, onct,
Jes' onct—an' then I see
His mother's smile on his wet face,
An' that's enough for me.

First thing I know I'm sittin' there
Pettin' th' little chap,
An' strokin' of his curly hair,
Holdin' him in my lap,
An' dreamin' of her—seein' her
Jes' as she used to be,
An' somethin' makes my eyes t' blur
An' me cry silently.

He's got the same brown eyes she had
An' the same silky hair,
Looks so like her, th' little lad,
That—well, I jes' don' dare
To lay a finger rough on him,
'T'd almos' seem as though
I was a' bein' harsh to her,
An' so I let him go.

He ain't a bad boy—no, he ain't,
Jes' mischievous, that's all,
In all his make-up th' ain't a taint
O' meanness—an' I call
T' mind when things she used to do
Exactly like he does,
I thought was jes' th' cutest an'
Th' dearest ever was.

Y' know, sometimes he'll come t' me
An' say to me: "Say, Dad,
Y' ain't goin' to whip me, now, are ye?
I ain't been very bad."
An' then he'll twist an' sort o' smile,
My eyes get blurred an' dim,
Th' ain't enough gold in th' world
T' hire me t' tech him.

Folks say I'm spoilin' him—may be
 I am, but I don't dare
 To tech him rough—he looks like she
 Did, an' so I don't care.
 He puts his little arms aroun'
 My neck, an' I can see
 Her in his eyes, so big an' brown,
 An' that's enough for me.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.

(1654.)

'Twas a Saturday night, midwinter;
 And the snow with its sheeted pall
 Had covered the stubbled clearings
 That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
 But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
 'Mid laughter and shout and din,
 The children were piling yule-logs
 To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
 The mother half musing said,
 As she looked at the eager workers,
 And laid on a sunny head
 A touch as of benediction;
 "For heaven is just as near
 The father at far Patuxent,
 As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
 And shake from their boughs the snow
 We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
 As they garlanded long ago,—
 Or ever Sir George went sailing¹
 Away o'er the wild sea-foam,—
 In my beautiful English Sussex,
 The happy old walls at home."

¹Sir George Yeardley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia in 1626.

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes a-strain:
"See! See!"—and the boy's hand pointed,—
"There's a face at the windowpane!"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am chief of the Roan-oke."

Straight in through the frightened children,
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone
From his shoulder a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see.
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said—to the children pointing—
"I want him to be like them!"

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam:
I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
To hear of the wiser ways

Of the people beyond the water,
 To break with the plough the sod,
 To be kind to pappoose and woman,
 To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" and the lady
 Pressed forward with sudden cheer:
 "Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
 And drink of my Christmas beer.—
 My sweethearts, this night remember,
 All strangers are kith and kin,—
 This night when the dear Lord's mother
 Could find no room at the inn!"

.

Next morn from the colony belfry
 Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
 And merrily forth the people
 Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
 And the lady with bright-eyed children
 Behind her, their lips a-smile,
 And the chief in his skins and wampum,
 Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
 Broke fiercely a sullen cry:
 "Out! out with the crafty red-skin!
 Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
 And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
 And swords from their sheaths flashed bare;
 And men from their seats defiant
 Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
 As calm as a knight of yore,
 Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman
 The thrust of the steel before;
 And spake with a queenly gesture,
 Her hand on the chief's brown breast,

"Ye dare not impeach my honor,
Ye dare not insult my guest."

They drop't at her word their weapons,
Half shamed, as the lady smiled
And told them the red man's story,
And showed them the red man's child,
And pledged them her broad plantations
That such would never betray
The trust that a Christian woman
Had shown on a Christmas day.

NANSEN.

[Response to a toast at the Nansen Banquet, Chicago, by Nickolay Grevstad]

Hail and welcome, brave son of Norway! Welcome to Chicago, the heart of America, the second Norwegian city in the world! Welcome to this great Northwest, where hundreds of thousands of people of your own blood have found new and happy homes!

We Norwegians of Leif's Vineland are proud of our status and dignity as citizens of the great American republic, and we yield to none, native or foreign born, in love for the stars and stripes. Yet we take as much pride in the Norwegian name as do our kinsmen across the sea, and we vie with them in honoring you because the glamour of your heroism and wondrous voyage has gladdened the heart and lit up the furrowed features of dear, old Mother Norway.

She sent her sturdy sons upon their dangerous mission. They were piloted by her hopes and inspired by their love for her. Their strange craft was a symbol of Norway herself as it disappeared in the horizon. Norway was always uppermost in their thoughts. What they did they did for Norway. Their imagination was charmed by a symbolic spell; the fate of the fatherland was in their hands—was wrapped up in their success; their Fram was Norway, surrounded by perils, but indestructible in her strength. And when their good ship

had reached a Norwegian harbor, unharmed and even unscratched, and all were safe home again, a wave of exulting enthusiasm burst upon the land. For the Fram was Norway's ship of state that, after a perilous voyage, was now anchored in the safe harbor of its future destiny.

* * * * *

The stage of history has presented no scene more lofty or heroic than those enacted in the ice desert by Nansen and his men. Look at them as they are assembled beside the Fram on that memorable day of parting! Two of them are to make a dash for the pole, while the others will remain with the ship. The last farewells have been exchanged. There are dewdrops in the eyes of these sturdy men; shadows of sadness flit across their weather-beaten features, and in the parting grasps of their strong hands there is a tremor of restrained emotion. Chief and men alike are moved and touched at this sundering of so many close ties of trials and triumphs. But there is no doubt in their hearts. Those who leave are as confident as ever that the Fram will make her way out of the ice and reach Norway in safety, and those remaining on board never doubt that their chief and his companion will find their way back to civilization. Inspiring courage! Sublime faith of friend in friend!

And as our eyes follow these two wanderers trudging and toiling across the broken ice-fields, words fail to express our admiration of their matchless courage, their perseverance and their power of endurance.

Heroes of other times and climes crowd upon our memories and pass in review before us as we look, and a most imposing sight it is. But these lone pathfinders of the polar regions, climbing ice hills in blinding snow-storms, and with the grip of the polar cold upon their limbs, in a grim determination to do or die, to test the power of man's endurance to the very last limit—ah! a nobler and grander scene was never witnessed, a more thrilling, heroic and inspiring picture was never flashed upon the screen of history—never!

Such deeds are immortal. They cannot die. In the heavens of history the heroism of our modern Fridtjof will shine for all time to come as a radiant polar star of sacrifice and unselfish devotion to a noble cause.

Youthful victor of the icy battle-fields, your rich conquests for science belong to mankind, the inspiring example of your grand courage to the youth of all lands, your fame to Norway. We, your brothers of this land of the brave, love and admire you as the ideal type of Norse manhood, and thank you for the luster you have shed upon the Norwegian name. May long life and happiness be your portion! And may our common mother, Norway, rear many sons who, like you, will crown her with wreaths of imperishable glory!

DON'T HESITATE.

I pondered long upon my choice
 'Twixt Annabel and Dolly;
I knew not which 'twere best to wed;
 And now I see my folly—
For girls can't wait while men decide.
 Be warned by my fate, brothers;
I pondered long upon my choice—
 Too long—both married others.

A SUMMER IDYL.

PHILIP MORSE.

We lingered on the farmhouse steps,
 To watch the young stars twinkle;
A week of country life had smoothed
 Away each business wrinkle.

She was the farmer's only child,
 Her name was Susan Mower;
She stood upon the upper step,
 And I upon the lower.

I talked of music and of art,
Of science and invention;
I felt that I had won her heart,
She paid such sweet attention.

I wondered if my city friends
Would be inclined to tease me,
And if those slightly rustic ways
She would not doff to please me.

Such love must not be trifled with,
So I began: "Dear Susan"—
Whereat she whispered in my ear:
"O my, there's John Vanduzen!

"I wonder what has brought him here;
I s'pose I'll have to meet him."
I overheard a word or two
As she stepped down to greet him:

"O dear, I'm awful glad you're come!
I really thought I'd die since
You've been away, I've been so bored,—
John, have you got the license?"

A TOAST—TO THE LADIES.

JOHN I. OSWALD.

I feel that the honor which you have conferred upon me by selecting me to respond to a toast so dear to my heart is the natural result of my ability to fill the bill, as no one could love the fair sex more fondly than I do. Someone has said that a woman's reason for all she does is "because." A noted judge of England well and forcibly declared that "many a good decision was ruined by the reason." Who has a better right to her peculiar mode of solving knotty problems than a woman? Is she not a perpetual "astonisher" to us bewildered men? Who so gracefully rubs off the self-

conceit from our masculine cuticle as does she? Whose voice rings out so musically upon the stillness of the midnight air, as we creep wearily up the stairs after an evening spent in the sacred seclusion of the lodge, or the club, with the query—"Augustus Henry, this is a fine time of night to come home to your loving wife—where have you been?" Are we not proud to pay her bills, and carry her bundles, and pamper her poodle—giving it a sly kick when we can? Ah, woman is the day-star of our lives—the night-star of our dreams? Woman, lovely woman—and that embraces every member of the sex from the freckle-faced "kitchen lady" to Queen Vic on her throne—what would we not sacrifice for her—even to the stump of our cheroot, after we have smoked it all up, or our seat in the car, when we have reached our destination. Yes, we are ready to fall down and adore her—before marriage, but—we rather like the tables turned afterward. She is more than the "better half" of creation; she's all that, and half of the other half.

Woman has often been called changeable, incomprehensible, unpleasable. Why, gentlemen, those are her chief charms, and when we add to them the thousand and one virtues she possesses, the picture is a most fascinating one to contemplate. Who waits on us, and listens to our groans with heavenly patience, but a woman? Who never fails in her devotion, her sympathy, her generous impulses, which reach out to all suffering humanity? Who turns a deaf ear to policy and selfishness, and sheds the light of her gracious nature on all who approach her? The Ladies—God bless them. And are they not marching on and plucking the honors which we men have hitherto selfishly kept for ourselves. Wherever advancement and progress are to be found, there is woman, waiting patiently, modestly, for her share of the honors. And she wins them nobly and fairly.

So let us do homage to woman. Whatever sphere in life they occupy, whether as mother, wife, sister, some other fellow's sister, or friends, their refining influence

permeates our lives. Without her life would be a desert, with her it is a paradise. All honor to the sex—may they live long, and be happy. And when death comes to us, gentlemen, may we meet it with a woman's hand in ours, a woman's heart to love us, and a woman's tears to be shed for us.

HEREAFTER.

C F. RAMSAY.

If this were all—if from Life's fitful rays
No steadier beacon gleamed—no fairer days
 Could dawn for us who struggle in the night,
 And sigh for wings to bear us in their flight
To that Beyond of mystery and amaze;—

Surely our hearts would faint beside the ways,
While Courage, stifled by the deathly haze
 Would helpless droop beneath our mournful plight,
If this were all!

But, o'er the shadows—with a heaven-wrapt gaze—
Past love grown cold—above the world's dismays—
 Strong, through Life's moment of imperfect sight—
 On, to the glowing of a great delight—
Faith—with her keenest upward glancing, says—
"This is not all."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PROPERTY.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I want to talk to you of the attitude that should properly be observed by legislators, by executive officers, toward wealth, and the attitude that should be observed in return by men of means, and especially by corporations, toward the body politic and toward their fellow-citizens.

I utterly distrust the man of whom it is continually said: "Oh he's a good fellow, but, of course, in politics,

he plays politics!" It is about as bad for a man to profess, and for those that listen to him by their plaudits to insist upon his professing something which they know he cannot live up to, as it is for him to go below what he ought to do, because if he gets into the habit of lying to himself and to his audience as to what he intends to do, it is certain to eat away his moral fiber.

He won't be able then to stand up to what he knows ought to be done. The temptation of the average politician is to promise everything to the reformers and then to do everything for the organization. I think I can say that, whatever I have promised on the stump or off the stump, either expressly or impliedly, to either organization or reformers, I have kept my promise; and I should keep it just as much if the reformers disapproved, and vice versa.

A public man is bound to represent his constituents, but he is no less bound to cease to represent them, when, on a great moral question, he feels that they are taking the wrong side. Let him go out of politics rather than stay in at the cost of doing what his own conscience forbids him to do.

I think that there is no one problem that is so difficult to deal with as the problem of how to do justice to the wealth, either in the hands of the individual or the corporation, on the one hand, or, on the other, how to see that that wealth in return is used for the benefit of the whole community. The tendency is for men to range themselves in two extreme camps, each taking a position that in the long run would be almost equally fatal to the community.

Oh, if I could only impress upon you, if I only had the eloquence and the power of enforcing conviction upon you, to make you understand the two sides of the question—not understand it, you may do that in theory now, but to make you realize it—the two sides, that the rich man who buys a privilege from a board of aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the legislature, by bribery and corruption for any corporation, that man is committing

an offense against the community which it is possible may some day have to be condoned for in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that on one side, and make you understand on the other—make the mass of our people, make the mass of our voters, understand, on the other—that the worse thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, “I am against corporations; I am against capital,” and not a man who shall say, “I stand by the Ten Commandments. I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that no man shall steal from anyone else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be blackmailed on the one side and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporations shall pay their full share of the public burdens, and that when they do so they shall be protected in their rights exactly as anyone else is protected!” In other words, if I could only make our people realize that their one hope and one safety in dealing with this problem is to send into our public bodies men who shall be honest, who shall realize their obligations, not their obligations to the rich men and the poor man, but between the honest man and the dishonest man!

WIDDER DOODLE.

[From Samantha at the Centennial Recited by Miss Carrie Adeel Sayre, Public Reader]

“Nobody knows how much that man thought of me. He would say sometimes in the winter when we would wake up in the mornin’: ‘My dear Dolly’—he used to call me that, though my name is Nabby, but he said I put him in mind so of a doll, that he couldn’t help callin’ me so—‘My dear Dolly,’ he’d say, ‘I have been a dreamin’ about you.’

“‘Have you, Mr. Doodle?’ says I.

"‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I have been a-dreamin’ how much I love you, and how pretty you are—jest as pretty as a pink posy.’ Them was Mr. Doodle’ses very words: ‘a pink posy.’

"‘I’d say,—‘O pshaw, Mr. Doodle, I guess you are tryin’ to foolish me.’

"‘Says he—‘I hain’t. I drempt’ it.’ And then there would come such a sweet smile all over his linement, and he would say:

"‘Dolly, I love to dream about you.’

"‘Do you, Mr. Doodle?’ says I.

"‘Yes,’ says he, ‘and it seems jest as if I want to go to sleep and have another nap, jest a-purpose to dream about you!’

"‘And so I would git up and cut the kindlin’ wood, and build the fire, and feed the cows, and go ’round the house a-gettin’ breakfast, as still as a mice, so’s not to disturb him, and he’d lay and sleep till I got the coffee turned out, then he’d git up and tell me his dream. It would be all about how pretty I was, and how much he loved me and how he would die for my sake any time to keep the wind from blowin’ too hard onto me. And he would eat jest as hearty and enjoy himself dretfully. Oh! we took a sight of comfort together, me and Mr. Doodle did. And I can’t never forgit him; I can’t never marry again, his linement is so stamped onto my memory. Oh, no, I can’t never forgit his linement; no other man’s linement can be to me what his linement was.”

"‘This picture looks as I did when I married Mr. Doodle. I was dretful pretty, so he used to tell me; too pretty to have any hardships put onto me, so he used to say. There was considerable talk ’bout wimmen’s votin’, about that time, and he said there wasn’t money enough in the world to tempt him to let his Dolly vote. Anything so wearin’ as that he said he should protect me from as long as he had a breath left in his body. He used to git dretful excited about it, he thought so much of me. He said it would ‘wear a woman right out; and how should I feel,’ says he, ‘to see my Dolly wore out.’

"He couldn't bear to have me go a-visitin', either. He said talkin' with neighborin' wimmen' was wearin' too, and to have to come home and git supper for him after dark; he said he couldn't bear to see me do it. He never was no hand to pick up a supper, and I always had to come home and git his supper by candle-light—meat vittles; he always had to have jest what he wanted to eat, or it made him sick, he was one of that kind—give him the palsy. He never had the palsy, but he always said that all that kep' him from it was havin' jest what he wanted to eat, jest at the time he wanted it; so he would lay down on the lounge while I got his supper ready. I'd have to begin at the very beginning, for he never was one of the men that could hang over the tea-kettle, or git up potatoes, or anything of that sort; and I'd most always have to build up the fire, for he thought it wasn't a man's place to do such things. He was a dretful hand to want everybody to keep their place; that was one reason why he felt so strong about wimmen's votin'. He had a deep, sound mind, my Doodle did. But, as I said, he'd lay on the lounge and worry so about its bein' too much for me; that, rather than make him feel so bad, I give up visitin' almost entirely. But he never worried about that, so much as he did about votin'; it seemed as if the thought of that almost killed him. He said that with my health (I didn't enjoy very good health then) I wouldn't stand it a year; I would wilt right down under it. Oh! how much that man did think of me!

"When I would be a workin' in the garden (I took all the care of the garden) or when I would be pickin' up chips—we was kinder bothered for wood—he'd set out on the back piazza with his paper (the Evenin' Grippher—awful strong paper against wimmen's rights) and as I would be a-bringin' my chips in (we had a old bushel basket that I used) he would look up from his paper and say to me—'Oh, them pretty little hands, how cunning they look, a-quirlin' 'round the basket handles; oh them pretty little eyes, what should I do if it wasn't for my Dolly? And how should I feel if them pretty

little eyes was lookin' at the pole?' Says he, 'It would kill me, Dolly; it would use me right up.'

"And then, when I would be churnin'—we had a good deal of cream, and the butter come awful hard; sometimes it would take me most all day and lame my back for a week—and when I would be a-churnin' he would be so good to me to help me pass away the time. He would set in his rockin' chair—I cushioned it a-purpose for him—and he would set and read the Evenin' Grippher to me; sometimes he would read it clear through before I would fetch the butter; beautiful arguments there would be in it ag'inst wimmen's rights. I used to know the editor was jest such a man as my Mr. Doodle was, and I would wonder how any livin' woman could stand out ag'inst such arguments, they proved right out so strong that votin' would be too much for the weaker sect, and that men wouldn't feel nigh so tender and reverential towards 'em, as they did now.

"We wasn't very well off in them days, for Mr. Doodle was obliged to mortgage the farm I brought him when we was married, and it was all we could do to keep up the money due on the mortgage, and father wouldn't help us much; he said we must work for a livin', jest as he did; and the farm kinder run down, for Mr. Doodle said he couldn't go out to work and leave me for a hull day, he worshipped me so; so we let out the place on shares, and I took in work a good deal. When I was a-workin', Mr. Doodle would set and look at me for hours and hours, with a sweet smile on his linement, and tell me how delicate and pretty I was and how much he thought of me, and how he would die and be skinned—have his hide took completely off of him—before he'd let me vote or have any hardship put on me. Oh! what a sight of comfort me and Mr. Doodle did take together; and when I think how he died, and was a corpse—and he was a corpse jest as quick as he was dead, Mr. Doodle was—oh, how I do feel. I can't never forget him, his linement is so stamped onto my memory. I can't never forget his linement, never."

A SMALL BOY'S QUESTIONS.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Mamma, sit down! I want to ask
You just one thing or two:
What makes my shadow stretch out so?
And tell me, what is dew?

Is it the trees that make the wind
By switching 'round their boughs?
And where do dogs go when they die.
And kitty-cats and cows?

And when it thunders in the sky
What makes the clouds all wink?
Could I dig down to China land
In ten years, do you think?

Why don't the people tumble off
When China turns this way?
And when you say the moon is full,
What is it full of, pray?

How far is it up to the clouds?
How long are comets' tails?
And why will not umbrellas do
For boats as well as sails?

How did the very firstest man
Who made the tape-measures know
How long to make the first end inch?
And, say, do yard-sticks grow?

What makes the little darkies black?
What makes the sky so blue?
And is it right to tell a joke
When not one word is true?

Why do you love me just the same,
When I am cross and bad?

And tell me, mamma, why am I
The only boy you had?

What makes volcanoes smoke and blaze?
Who built their fires, then,
If all the earth was finished off
Before God made the men?

Where is our fire when it goes out?
Why can't I understand?
Well, won't you tell me where to find
Some undiscovered land?

How can God hollow out the hills
Without a single tool?
You don't know everything? Well, then,
Why don't you go to school?

THE MASTER'S PEN—A CONFESSION.

In my collection framed of curios
I have, as every bookman knows,
A pen that Thackeray once used.
To be amused,
I thought I'd "take that pen in hand,"
And see what came of it—what grand
Inspired lines 'twould write,
One Sunday night.
I dipped it in the ink,

And tried to think,
"Just what shall I indite?"
And do you know, that pen went fairly mad;
A dreadful time with it I had.
It spluttered, spattered, scratched, and blotted so,
I had to give it up, you know.
It really wouldn't work for me,
And so I put it down; but last night, after tea,

I took it up again.
And equally in vain.

The hours sped;

I went to bed,

And in my dreams the pen came up to me and said:

"Here is the list of Asses who have tried

To take up pens the master laid aside;

Look thou!" I looked, and lo!—perhaps you've
guessed—

My name, like Abou Ben's, led all the rest!

WHEN MY MOTHER TUCKED ME IN.

BETTIE GARLAND.

Ah, the quaint and curious carving

On the posts of that old bed,

There were long-beaked, queer old griffins

Wearing crowns upon their heads,

And they fiercely looked down on me

With a cold, sardonic grin;

I was not afraid of griffins

When my mother tucked me in.

I remember how it stood there,

With its head-piece backward rolled,

And its broad and heavy tester

Lined with plaitings, blue and gold,

And the great old-fashioned pillows

Trimmed with ruffles, white and thin,

And the cover, soft and downy,

When my mother tucked me in.

What cared I for dismal shadows

Shifting up and down the floor,

Or the bleak and grewsome wind gusts

Beating 'gainst the close-shut door,

Or the rattling of the windows,

All the outside noise and din;

I was safe and warm and happy
When my mother tucked me in.

Sweet and soft her gentle fingers,
As they touched my sunburnt face;
Sweet to me the wafted odor
That enwrapped her dainty lace;
Then a pat or two at parting,
And a good-night kiss between;
All my troubles were forgotten
When my mother tucked me in.

Now the stricken years have borne me
Far away from love and home,
Ah! no mother leans above me
In the nights that go and come,
But it gives me peace and comfort,
When my heart is sore within,
Just to lie right still and, dreaming,
Think my mother tucked me in

Oh, the gentle, gentle breathing
To her dear heart's softer beat,
And the quiet, quiet moving
Of her soft-shod, little feet;
And Time, one boon I ask thee,
Whatso'er may be my sin,
When in dying, let me see her,
As she used to tuck me in.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S "BUFDAY."

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[Recited by Miss Edith Brandenburg]

Aunt June, a colored woman, stood in the doorway of a cabin; a crazy little cart, with a white mule nodding between the shafts, waited at the gate. The woman called to the boy who was coming across the field: "George Washin'ton! You, George Washin'ton, you!

Ef you don't come 'long here when I call yer, I'll take a bresh-broom ter yer, sah, dat I will! Come 'long here, sah! Don' yer see I's waitin'?" "Is yer gwine to town, mammy?" "Co'se I'se gwine ter town! How's de butter gwine to git dar ef I ain' fetch it? Huccome yer reckon hit's gwine walk dis day, stidder waitin' fur me ter fetch it, same's udder days? You's ter stay right in here wid de baby till I git back. Does yer hear? Ef de baby cries gib her de biscuit on de shelf; an' don' let her fall in de fiah. Does yer hear me? Why'n yer answer me, George Washin'ton?" "Yessum, I hears yer," and with a glance at the little black bundle squatted on the floor, "Wash," as he was called on ordinary occasions, began to whimper. "Shet up, I tell yer, and ten' ter dat chile. Po' little sister! Ain't yer 'shame yerse'f?" "Won't yer fetch me a stick of striped candy?" "I'll fetch a stick to stripe yer back ef I hear anudder word fum yer—see ef I don't. Shet up, I tell yer." Aunt June always went to town in style. She wore her best dress—a bright magenta skirt and a brown worsted waist, a bonnet of curious shape and colors, and a pair of very white home-knit gloves. A big basket went along for style, too, for Aunt June was not neglectful of her reputation, which was large among her acquaintances. The curious old bonnet nodded many a mild "good morn'ing" as the old mule jogged alone the lanes. As she neared the town, however, the bows became less cordial, and a trifle—just a trifle—condescending. "Dese triflin' town niggers! Dey-all us rather lay about town in rags and go ha'f starved ez to go ter de country, whar dey's plenty ter eat and drink, too. De lazy lot ob 'em! Jest look at 'em—eight er'clock in der mawning, and not a bressed ting ter do!" She spied an acquaintance among some workmen who were repairing a bridge over which her team must pass. She pulled up the mule and beckoned the man to her.

"How you do, Mis' Pennin'ton? I ain't see you in a long time." "I'se toler'ble. You-all's well?" "Toler'ble. Gwine ter town dis mawning, Mis' Pennington?" "Yes, sah. I hab some butter ter fetch in, and some groceries

ter fetch out. 'Pears like dey-alls at home keeps me toler'ble busy gwine in town fur groc'ries; but Jake and de chillun am hearty, and so am I, so we ought ter be thankful fur that, I tell 'em."

"Yessum, dat you ought. Plenty hab got de health and de appetite what ain't got de groc'ries. I tell yer, Miss Pennin'ton. Dat dey it." "Dat am a fac'. 'Pears like you-alls toler'ble busy ter day." "Yessum, we'se tryin' ter finish dis here bridge ter-day, bekase we don' work ter-morrer. Hit's George Washin'ton's bufday."

"What dat you say Hit's whose bufday?"

"Hit am de bufday ob George Washin'ton; de——"

"What dat you sayin'?" "Yessum, hit am George Washin'ton's bufday. He wuz——" "Shet up! You rekin I don't know what he wuz? Yer think I ain't got a scrap ob sense! Tellin' me 'bout George Washin'ton's bufday! I say it!" "I heerd it ober in town."

"Des listen at dat, will somebody? What de town got ter do wid George Washington, I'd lack ter know? Talkin' 'bout de town sayin' hit uz George Washin'ton's bufday!"

"Well, hit am de sho' fac'. Dey say——"

"Shet you' mouf. I don' want hear none you' big talk. I wonder ef yer takes me fer a fool er a what? Lettin' on I don't know when's George Washin'ton's bufday! Hit ain't ter-morrer, I tell yer. Ter-morrer ain't no more his bufday dan hit's mine. I reckon I ought ter know when George Washin'ton wuz bawn I reckon I was dar!" "Yah-yah-yah—oh, you wuz there, wuz yo'? Yah-yah." "Stand dar an' laugh yo'se'f white if yo' want to. Git up dar! You'se gitting as lazy ez one ob dese here town niggers, dat you is."

The mule started off rather briskly, but not too briskly to let Aunt June hear the parting shot from the bridge: "Look out, folkses, look out. Dar goes de ol'est 'oman in de worl'. Look at her well! You ain't gwine nebber hab no sech chance ter see sech a ole 'oman agin in dis worl'. De ol'est 'oman in de worl', ef de truf wuz all told."

Aunt June's anger had cooled somewhat when she

reached the store at which she did her trading. The butter was weighed and she began selecting some supplies in exchange for it. There were forty cents to be traded out when the clock struck twelve.

"Lor', marster, I'm 'bleeged ter g'long back home. Hit am twelbe er-clock, an' de chillun ain't got a bite ter eat. I'll be 'bleeged ter come back an' finish ter-morrer."

"You'll have to get through to-day, Aunt June, the store will be closed to-morrow; it is George Washington's birthday."

"Marster, who tole you dat?"

"Who told me? Why, I don't know. Everybody knows that; it is in all the papers." "Yer don' sesso."

"Why, yes, why shouldn't it be?" We all love George Washington, Aunt June." "Yes, sah; yes, sah, sholy; ter be sho'."

She finished her trading and went out to arrange her packages in the cart. She was puzzled; she didn't understand at all what it all meant. "Dat chile sholy been an' done sumfin' an' could let on to we-alls—his papy an' me. But, naw, hit couldn't 'a' been in de winter time he wuz born. I members hit wuz in de summer, bekase Jake wuz threshing wheat dat day, and dey wuz cabbage fur dinner, fur Lize Ann come ober and cooked it. Naw, sah, dey-all am sholy wrong."

At that instant a gentleman to whom the woman and her team were familiar, called out, pleasantly, to her:

"Hello, Aunt June! Must be going to celebrate George Washington's birthday, from the number of your packages. Been buying yourself rich?" There it was again—George Washington's birthday; she heard it everywhere. The very banks would be closed, she heard somebody say, and the postoffice would be open but an hour all day. Clearly it was George Washington's birthday. To be perfectly sure of it, however, she determined to step around to "Marse Tom's office" and ask about it. Marse Tom was once her husband's old master, and he would be pretty sure to tell her the truth.

"Marse Tom, what am de incasion ob all de incitement

in de town ter-morrer?" "It is George Washington's birthday, Aunt June. Come in and get warm."

But she was gone.

She went straight back to the grocery, bought back a pound of the butter she had sold, two pounds of cheese and a dozen sticks of striped peppermint candy. "Ef dey's all detarmint ter hab it so, I reckon it am got ter be so. Ef ev'ybody else ain' gwine begrudge de chile de celebratin', I reckon sholy his own mammy ain' gwine do dot. I'se gwine straight home and kill a hin.

"He ain' no ornery nigger, dat boy ain'." She was planning a great feast.

Little Wash could not understand his sudden rise to greatness, though he very cheerfully washed the potatoes, killed and plucked the hen, and was told that he might beat the whites for a cake the next day. "A cake fur you' bufday dinner, son"

That night, when his father came home, Aunt June asked him if he couldn't get off from his work next day and eat dinner at home. "Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday. I done been gittin' up de chile a bite ob nice victuals."

"Ole 'oman, you'se mistooked, honey, 'bout dat. Ter-morrer ain' Wash's bufday. Wash wuz bawnded in de summer time. Don' yer reckerlick de threshing?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does. But de town folks dey all say ter-morrer ez George Washin'ton's bufday. Dey all wouldn't hab it no odder way. De bery niggers on de pike say it 'uz George Washin'ton's bufday! An' seein' dey wouldn't hab it no udder way, I jest stepped roun' ter Marse Tom's office and ax him. Kase I know ef Marse Tom say it so, it am so. So I put my head in de do', and says I, 'Marse Tom, what's ter do ter-morrer?' or somethin' in de lack dat. And says he: 'Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday.' Den I come 'long home and kilt a hin, 'kase I know hit mus' be so den, aldo I reckerlick it ain' so."

"Ole 'oman, you'se all wrong about dat. Dey wuz talkin' 'bout anudder George Washin'ton. I heerd all 'bout dat long 'go. Dey wa'n' meanin' we-all's po' little Wash here."

"Well, I done kilt a hin, an' hit's got ter be eat. George Washin'ton gwine hab dat bufday. He's been mighty handy helpin' 'bout de baby an' all, en he kin hab two bufdays dis year well as not. Dey ain' no sech great dif-fer'nce 'twixt de twenty-secken o' Febrery an' de twenty-ninth o' July, ez I kin see. Seed de reesins, son, fur de cake. Hit's fer yer bufday dinner ter-morrer."

MY MA, SHE KNOWS.

My pa, he scolds me jes' becuz
He says I'm gittin' tough;
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use fer boys;
I s'pose he wants 'em men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess she knows.

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd ruther fool away the time
An' whistle, dance an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me, an' shows me how;
Fer ma, you bet, she knows.

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,

Because I hain't got any "drive"
 And "get-up," "pluck" and "vim;"
 But ma, she says, so solemn like,
 "A man's a boy that grows;
 An' boys must have their playin' spells;"
 An' ma's a trump, an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,
 An' says he doesn't see
 Where I get all the careless ways
 That seem jes' born in me;
 An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
 Till pa's face crimson grows,
 An' then she says: "'Tis very queer,"
 But, somehow, ma, she knows.

My ma, she knows 'most everything
 'Bout boys, an' what they like;
 She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
 I make with kites and bike;
 She says she wants me to be good
 An' conquer all my foes,
 An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
 'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God, but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity.

If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides,

and another Livy! And let me say, gentlemen, that if we, and our posterity, shall be true to the Christian religion, if we, and they, shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments, if we, and they, shall maintain just, moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing, that, while our country furnishes material for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no decline and fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history. Let the horrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lost, and lost forever!

THE AGNOSTIC.

C. M. SNYDER.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneering way
Of turnin' his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he;
"Humph! now, how do you know?"
The way it closed an argument
Wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like,
 With fellows at the store,
 On war and politics and sich,
 And you might have the floor
 And be a-gettin' things down fine,
 Provin' that things was so,
 When Mullins would stick his long nose in
 With, "Humph! how do you know?"

I've seen that critter set in church
 And take a sermon in,
 And turn his nose up with a sneer
 At death, and grace, and sin;
 With no regard for time and place,
 Or realms of endless woe,
 He'd rise and break the whole thing up
 With "Humph! how do you know?"

.

The older he got the worse he grew,
 And crookeder, day by day;
 The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
 His toes turned out each way.
 His boots and shoes were both of them lefts,
 The rheumatiz twisted so;
 But if you said he didn't look well,
 He'd growl, "Now, how do you know?"

And that blamed grit led to his death—
 He was on the railroad track
 Crossin' a bridge; I heard the train
 And yelled "Mullins, come back;
 The train is 'round the curve in sight!"
 Says he, "Humph! how do you know?"
 I think he learned how that time without fail!—
 That engine enlightened him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
 In everyday concerns;

And not be a-snoopin' 'round
To get behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A hint, instead of a blow ;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts
But it's rather late to know.

THE DOG'S COLD NOSE.

MARGARET EYINGE.

Why the dog's nose is always cold
I'll tell you, friends, as I've been told.

Well, years and years and years ago—
How many, I don't really know—
There came a rain on sea and shore ;
It's like was never seen before
Or since. It fell unceasing down
Till all the world began to drown,
But just before the heavy pour,
An old man—his name was Noah—
Built him an ark, that he might save
His family from a watery grave ;
And in it, also, he designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, friends, when it was done
Still dark clouds obscured the sun ;
But Father Noah safe led the way,
While after him, in close array,
Came all the animals, in pairs.
The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses
The camels, goats and cats and donkeys,
The beavers, tall giraffes and monkeys,
The rats, the big rhinoceroses,
The dromedaries and the horses,
The sheep, the mice, the kangaroos,

Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,
And hundreds more—'twould take all day
My friends, so many names to say—
And at the very, very end
Of the procession, Noah's good friend,
The family dog, with merry din,
Helped drive the crowd of creatures in;
And then, with loud, exultant bark,
He gayly sprung aboard the ark.
Alas! So crowded was the space
He could not find in it a place;
So, patiently, he turned about,
Stood half-way in and half-way out,
And those extremely heavy showers
Descended through nine hundred hours
And several more, and at their close
Most frozen was his honest nose;
And never could it lose again
The dampness of that dreadful rain.
And this is why—so I've been told—
We find the dog's nose always cold.

A KING'S REPENTANCE.

[Hamlet, Act III, Scene III. SHAKESPEARE.]

King. O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offense?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well.

(Retires and kneels.)

HARD-EARNED WAGES.

An old church in Belgium decided to repair its properties, and employed an artist to touch up a large painting. Upon presenting his bill the committee in charge refused payment unless the details were specified, whereupon he presented the items as follows:

Items.

To correcting the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 5.12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet	3.02
Putting a new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb	2.20

Repluming and gilding left wing of guardian angel	5.18
Washing the servant of the high priest and putting carmine on his cheeks	5.02
Renewing heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning up the moon	7.14
Touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls.	3.06
Brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof, and doing several odd jobs for the damned	7.17
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wing	4.00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	1.30
Cleaning Balaam's donkey and putting one shoe on him	1.70
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears	1.71
Putting a new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs	6.13
Decorating Noah's ark and putting a head on Shem	4.31
Mending the shirt of the prodigal son, and cleaning his coat	3.39
Total	\$60.45

THE HOLIDAY GOBBLER'S ADDRESS.

Friends and Fellow-Sufferers:

I come not here to talk.

You know too well

The story of our thralldom.

We are slaves;

The bright sun rises to his course and lights

A race of slaves—up a tree!

He sets, and his last beams fall on a slave—

Going to roost!

Not such as swept along by the full tide of
power

The conqueror led to crimson glory

And undying fame,
But base Thanksgiving slaves
Whose crimson glory is no more
Than cranberries,
Mingled with the pale cast
Of celery,
And whose martial cloak
And winding-sheet
Are oysters and gravy.
Such shames are common,
But I have known deeper wrongs.
I that speak to you,
I had a brother once,
A loo-loo bird.
Full of bronze feathers and hope,
And with a gobble in his manly bosom
Like the melodious pleasing
Of a big bass drum.
How I loved that gracious boy!
Younger by fifteen months,
Brother at once and son.
He left my side,
An autumn bloom on his
Waving wattles
And a strut in his proud and haughty tread.
In one short hour
That pretty, harmless bird was slain,
Butchered to make a human holiday!
Gods! Can a turkey long debate
Which of the two to choose,
Thanksgiving or death?
And I am told that vengeance is not ours!
O peers of mine,
To you I must unload my grief.
If you have tears to shed,
Prepare to shed them now!
Are we to bear the ills we have,
Or fly to others that we wot not of?
My voice is still for war!

Rouse, ye Turkeys!
Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye fat sons?
Look at the next Thanksgiving
To see them die!
Have ye tender daughters?
Look to see them torn from your arms,
And carried to the shambles.
And if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by their hash!
Yet this is thus,
And this is Xmas law!

THE DEATH OF GARCIA.

[From *Running the Cuban Blockade*, by Wm O. Stoddard. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co. By permission of publishers.]

"Forward!" he heard again from the deep, guttural voice of the general. "Our position is at the ridge. If they carry that they will cut us up!"

If Tom had been a trained soldier he would have better understood, not many minutes later, with what excellent skill the Cuban general was posting his small force.

"Cavalry!" exclaimed Tom. "More'n a hundred. He brought them with him. About as many more half-armed men. Here are our fellows with the new rifles. There are the howitzers. Everybody is piling up brush-wood and tree-branches and logs and stones along the top of that ledge."

He himself carried everything he could find, and he hardly looked over the ridge until he heard the sound of a bugle, followed by scattering reports.

"Guess they're coming!" he shouted, as he climbed a rock to see.

Beyond the ridge was a ragged, bushy slope of crumbling, slaty shale, upon which were not many large trees. It gave a good opportunity, apparently, for the forward movement of a body of disciplined soldiers. They were

coming up the slope now, two regiments of them, and certainly they moved well. Their uniforms had a bright, new look. Their burnished bayonets glittered in the sunshine. They were every way in strong contrast to the ragged rebels, in no uniforms at all, less than half their numbers, who now crouched behind the frail barrier of the hasty breastwork on the ridge, or behind the rocks and trees.

"Forward, the howitzers!" ordered General Gomez. "Keep their muzzles hidden!"

"He is going to give the Spaniards a surprise party," thought Tom. "I'm told not to fire yet, but I belong to this battle."

"Keep quiet, my boy," said Colonel Garcia, walking toward him. "We are going to have a pretty desperate affair. If we are beaten, take to the woods with our people. They may find you a chance to get away. Oh!"

"Oh, Senor Garcia!" exclaimed Tom, springing forward, "are you hurt?"

"Dead, senor!" responded a Cuban soldier, stooping to examine Garcia. "Killed by their first volley. Through the heart!"

PLATONIC.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a
maid,

For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony
paid.

Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my
heart,

And she said her young affections were all wound up
in her art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-
ship cannot live

'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something else
to give.

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were
man and man,

I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.
We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to
say;

So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped
and feared,

With common purpose sought the goal which young am-
bition reared.

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days
to come,

We were strictly confidential and called each other
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills,
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers
prize

To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny
skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation from the poet to the
weather,

While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out
together.

But through it all no whispered word or tell-tale look
or sigh

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.
We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulae,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being
three.

"Well, good-by, old fellow." I took her hand, for the
time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not
know.

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy
heart,

For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for
friends to part.

"Well, good by, old fellow ; don't forget your friends
 across the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a line
 to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind
Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind ;
And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes
 of blue,
Full to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups with
 dew ;
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did
 before—
Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss
 meant more.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Never a boy had so many names ;
They called him Jimmie, and Jim, and James.
Jeems and Jamie ; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly : "Jim ! Hey, J-i-m-m !"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jimmy ! Jimmy !" would sweetly call,
Until he answered and let her know
Where she might find him ; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s !"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons—"Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said, "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems;"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name he liked the best;
"Darling!" he heard it, whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office, we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said, with a broad smile.

"You have two names, surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed, with some impatience, "I tell you that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking that she was trifling, I said very decidedly: "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried, enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I tink you will never know. Yes, that is it!"

For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eyeing me with a rueful countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me.

"Annie," I asked, very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot.

But like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven" came the echo: "That is it."

A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dull brain.

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put, or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently: "How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma: "W-a-c-h-t."

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

It was not at all like those you see of ordinary men,
It was such as never could occur, excepting now and
then;

For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it night and day,
And planned it all—while yet alive—in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet
tone,

"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details
down,

For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail through-
out the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best
I knew

To have a good large funeral when this short life was
through;

I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er
the same,

Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been
dead;

And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes
to do—
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement
through."

"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it
thrown;
I'm social like, and am not used to riding 'round alone.
Bring my old wagon into which the children used to
climb,
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time;
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant
hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the
freshest flowers;
And I would like to have them come, upon my burial
day,
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the
way."

"I want my friend, the minister—the best of preacher
folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped
a thousand jokes—
To talk a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet, but
strong;
And recollect, I don't believe in speeches over-long.
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and
worth,
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was hold-
ing forth.
I'd like two texts; and one shall be by Bible covers
pressed,
And one from outside that shall read: 'He did his level
best.'"

"And anyone I've given help—to comfort or to save—
Just bring a flower or sprig of green and throw it in the
grave.

Please have a pleasant, social time around the subscriber's bier,
And no one but mine enemies must shed a single tear.
You simply say: 'Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all!
He is shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommendations!'"

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down;
When he was dead they came to him from every house in town;
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mold his mound without the tears' sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in heaven.

IMMORTALITY.

If we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages on which human society is founded. If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words, possessing no real or binding efficacy? Why should we heed them if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all are, or will be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures, if not our own passions?

Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bug-bear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife or friend? The characters of a drama are more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants, since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought of posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation!

Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying—what sanctity have they more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty a prejudice; honor and probity such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed upon the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error of which they eternally prate as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos, and all the relations of life are confounded, and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed, and the most inviolable laws of society vanish, and all moral discipline perishes, and the government of

states and nations has no longer any cement to hold it up, and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord, and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be this world were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

IS LITTLE BOB TUCKED IN?

SAM WALTER FOSS.

"I've gotter go," she said "an' see
 If little Bob's tucked in;
 He'll git his death if he's uncovered
 In this col' storm an' win'."
 "Oh, little Bob's all right," said I,
 "You've been to tuck him in
 Four times this evenin', an' I wouldn'
 Run 'way upstairs ag'in."
 But Cynthy'd worry, fret an' stew,
 An' raise a drefle din;
 "W'y, I mus' go ag'in," says she,
 "An' see if Bob's tucked in."

"W'y, Cynthy, jest set down," I said,
 "An' git some good er life;
 A feller wants a chance to talk
 Some evenin's with his wife."
 Then she would take her knittin' out,
 Or work upon her spread,
 An' make b'lieve lissen, though she didn'
 Hear quarter w'at I said.
 She wouldn't much more than git set down
 Than jump right up ag'in,
 An' say: "I mus' run up and see
 If little Bob's tucked in."

Young Bob was allus on the jump,
 An' filled the house with din,
 An' kicked his quilts off ev'ry night
 Fast as she tucked him in.
 His legs they went so fast all day,
 As long as it was light,
 An' got up speed so they couldn't stop,
 An' kep a-goin' all night.
 So Cynthy'd keep a-gettin' up,
 An' gittin' up ag'in;
 "I've got to look an' see," says she,
 "If little Bob's tucked in."

* * * *

She stood above the casket there,
 She bent to kiss his face,
 An' pat a stragglin' curl of hair,
 Or fix a bit of lace.
 Her heart was breakin' with the thought
 That Bob, so round an' fat,
 So full of pranks an' fun, should sleep
 Within a crib like that;
 But still she'd fix his little robe,
 An' then come back ag'in,
 An' take a long, last look, an' see
 Her little Bob tucked in.

That night a storm er snow came on,
 An' how the winds did rave!
 The snow fell, like a coverlid,
 On little Bob's new grave.
 "I'm glad it snows," his mother said,
 "It looks so hard an' bare,
 So hard, so cruel, an' so bleak,
 I cried to leave him there.
 But God has sent the blessed snow,
 I think—an' 'tis no sin—
 That he has sent his snow to see
 That little Bob's tucked in."

DEM SHICKENS.

THOMAS S. DENISON.

I keeps dem shickens for mine vife,
Dey makes me drubbles for your life,
Dey lays some eggs oont eats 'em oop,
Dey fights like mischief in dot coop.

Oont ven I durns dem somedimes out,
Dey scratch dot garten all apout,
Oont fly mine neighbor's fence foreby;
Dot neighbor kills dem on der shly.

Oont somedimes neighbors' vives was pat,
Dot frow next door she makes me'mat,
Alretty yet she makes pot-pies,
Mit shickens killed behind mine eyes.

I get so mat I tinks I'll purst;
Dem shickens blays such dricks de vorst,
Mit dings called gaps dey gets dem sick,
I've got to doctor dem right quick.

All up oont down dot blace I run
To catch dem shickens vone by vone
Oont in deir heads I pours coal oil,
Mine glodings, ain't it, all I shpoil.

For ven dot shicken shakes his pick,
Mit oil he spots mine coat so quick.
Mit hay oont eggs I make one nest
Dot old hen quits to take a rest.

Oont colt like hailshtones in a bunch,
Dot rooster eats dem eggs for lunch.
Mat like March hares, I drows a shtone,
Oont breaks his leg yoost in der bone.

My vife says: "Hans, you vas a fool,
Vy dit you leaf dem eggs got cool?"

Oont ain't it, she has lost her head?
She dinks I sit, dot hen inshtead.

Tanksgifing tay I ask some friends;
My vife bakes one of dem old hens.
She bakes oont cooks mit plazing fire;
Dot hen would make some rubber tire.

Alretty yet no hens I keep,
Old Job himself would go oont weep
To see dem brofits melt away,
Mit twenty hens, tree eggs a day.

MAKING AN ORATOR.

STEPHEN CRANE.

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In the school at Whilomville it was the habit when the children had progressed to a certain class to have them devote Friday afternoon to what was called Elocution.

Jimmie Trescott had an idea that by exhibition of undue ignorance he could escape being promoted into the room which exacted such a penalty from its inmates. However, "willy-nilly," he was somehow finally sent on into this place of torture.

Alphabetically Jimmie Trescott was near the end of the list of victims, but his time was none the less inevitable—"Tanner, Timmins, Trass, Trescott"—he saw his downfall approaching.

He learned all the verses of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but as his own Friday approached he was moved to make known to his family that a dreadful disease was upon him and was likely at any time to prevent his going to his beloved school. On the great Friday when Jimmie Trescott was to speak, his father, Dr. Trescott, was away from home and the mother of the boy was greatly alarmed by Jimmie's curious

illness. He laid himself down on the rug before the fire and groaned cavernously. She bathed his feet in hot mustard water until they were lobster red. She also placed a mustard plaster on his chest.

He announced that these remedies did him no good at all. With an air of martyrdom he endured a perfect downpour of motherly attentions all that day. Thus the first Friday passed in safety. The next day, being a holiday, he was miraculously delivered from the arm of disease and went forth a blatantly healthy boy.

He had no further attacks until the next Thursday night, when he announced that he felt very, very poorly. His mother was alarmed at the condition of her son, but Dr. Trescott asked him questions denoting some incredulity, and on the *third* Friday Jimmie was dropped at the door of the schoolhouse from his father's buggy.

Seated at his desk in the schoolroom Jimmie sometimes remembered with dreadful distinctness every line of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and at other times could not recall even its first line.

If the schoolhouse had taken fire he thought that he would have felt relief. Death in the flames was preferable to reciting "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Jimmie heard the teacher call his name and he felt the whole world looked at him. He never knew how he reached the platform—parts of him seemed to be of lead and other parts seemed as light as detached air.

He bowed, choked, made an inarticulate sound, and then he burst forth suddenly with—"Half a leg—"

"League," said the teacher coolly. "League," repeated Jimmie wildly. "Half a league, half a league—half a league onward—" he paused here and looked wretchedly at the teacher. "Half a league" he muttered. "Half a league—" he seemed likely to continue this phrase indefinitely, so after a time the teacher said, "Well, go on."

"Half a league," responded Jimmie.

The teacher opened the book before her and read, "All in the Valley of Death rode the—"

"Go on," she concluded. Jimmie said, "All in the Valley of Death rode the—the—the—"

He cast a glance of agonized appeal at the teacher and breathlessly whispered, "Rode the what?"

The young woman flushed indignantly. "Rode the six hundred," she snapped at him.

The class was a-rustle with delight by this time. They were no better than a Roman populace in Nero's time.

Jimmie started off again. "Half a leg—no—league, half a league, half a league onward,

All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
Forward—forward—forward—"

"The Light Brigade," suggested the teacher, sharply.

"The—Light—Brigade," faltered Jimmie; but Tennyson's lines were gone. Jimmie's mind was as a whited wall.

"You stay in after school and learn that all over again," commanded the teacher, "and be prepared to speak it next Friday. Go to your seat."

If she had suddenly made a spirit of him she could not have overjoyed him more. "Next Friday" was a whole week away. Sufficient unto this day had been the evil thereof.

GRANT.

REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

[Delivered by the Author, April 28, 1895. Seventy-third anniversary of Grant's Birthday, Marquette Club.]

Clouds drave along across the trembling sky,
Like hasting vans of war their squadrons formed,
Behind the gathered darkness hovering nigh
Old wrongs hid all the stars of right and stormed.

In that shrill blast that sang with stress of doom,
Quivered the lightnings over Freedom's home;
Wrath flamed for Liberty's new hecatomb,
The fires swept up and smoke filled heaven's dome.

Still there were eyes that saw behind the cloud,
And knew white stars of righteousness still shone;
These faltered not, though darkness might enshroud
The fadeless light of God's eternal throne.

* * * *

The hour has come—the man of peace withdraws—
Out from the silence steps the warrior now.
Grant draws his sword for liberty and laws,
Fame holds her chaplet o'er his ample brow.

* * * *

Yonder he waited, champion of peace—
Waited for Reason's hour to woo her foes,
Yet saw out-springing on the white cloud-fleece,
Bloodleaved and awful, War's thorn-guarded rose.

* * * *

How his sword gleams with noon of full-orbed truth!
Garlands of peace burst forth from edge and hilt.
"Take these white flowers," he said, in battle's ruth,
"Or take this blade to pierce an ancient guilt!"

"His sword was bathed in heaven," whom prophet-song
Dreamed of and spake. Our knight was such as he,
White-souled and firm, he passed from out the throng,
Leading the throne by Right's supremacy.

When the wild fury of the onset fell
And Peace came fluttering near with wings outspread,
He turned to music every battle-yell,
And bade the victors share with foes their bread.

Undecorated greatness came and spoke
At Appomattox, where the courtly Lee
Stepped forth enrobed from din and battle-smoke
To learn how great is pure simplicity.

Then did the soldier pass, the citizen
Had come. War's garlands bear no seeds concealed.
The war warrior saw before his hopeful ken
A harvest waving o'er a blood-drenched field.

He loved the South, and Peace he saw walk forth
A radiant angel, glad with love and care.
He bade a blessing on her from the North.
He saw one flag triumphant everywhere.

Titanic Wrong lay prone in common dust,
The Union born for Freedom saved—the silent man
Said, "Silence o'er a foe so crushed!"
One name alone remained—America.

Honored by Queens, this stainless gentleman
Brought lips so pure that Virtue with him sat
Talking with Kings, our plain republican
Threw in eclipse throne and aristocrat.

He weighed the old world's crowns, and knew their
gems;
Saw one by one their splendors fading glow;
He knew that Truth dissolves all diadems,
And Freedom breaks all scepters with a blow.

Mighty in life, like some loved mountain-height,
Fearless of storm, a welcome to the dawn,
Mighty in death, a soldier of the light—
Him we remember like that height withdrawn.

Aye, if such life must pass, let some lone mount
Hide him awhile where eagles build their nests!
Let him with God review his long account;
There let the past provide him worthy guests.

Thomas and Meade, McPherson, Ellsworth brave,
Let them come near with swords unsheathed again,
And lead their Captain to his honored grave,
While the saved nation prays upon the plain.

PREDESTINATION.

Billings is an unlucky man. If there is a stray tack lying on the floor, or an obstacle to stumble over, he will surely find it. The other night he came home to find that his wife had retired, and the hall was dark, but Billings knew the way well enough, only there was one door he dreaded. As he climbed the stairs his wife called out:

"Is that you, George?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, now do be careful of that door."

A dread seized upon him, a presentiment that he would find that door—Billings never thought of lighting a match.

"George!"—it was his wife again.

"Yes, I'm coming."

"Put your arms out so you won't strike the door."

Billings felt the futility of trying to avert what Providence had in store for him, but, obedient to his wife's suggestion, he put out his arms in front of him, and—smash!!! He found it. There was no mistake, and with hands pressed to his bruised and bleeding nose, he sank groaning into a chair.

"Oh, George! How did it happen? Didn't you put your arms out?"

Billings groaned—

"Yes, my dear, but I find my nose is even longer than my arms."

Poor Billings! His arms had gone each side of the door, but its edge had scraped acquaintance with his nose.

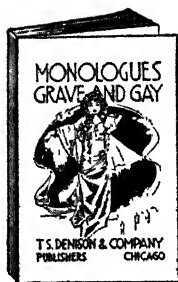
THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To marry—or not to marry—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cobweb rooms,
Or seek in festive balls some cheerful dame,
And by uniting, end it. To live alone—

No more—and, by marrying, say we end
The heartache, and those throes and makeshifts
Bachelors are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished!

To marry—to live in peace—
Perchance in war—ay, there's the rub;
For in the marriage state, what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,
The insolence of servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take,
When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single?

Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of bachelor,
But that the dread of something after marriage
(Ah, that vast expenditure of income,
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life
Than go to gaol for debts we know not of!
Economy thus makes bachelors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought.



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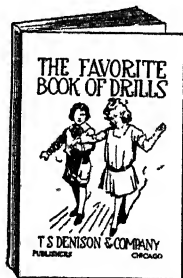
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